THE EDITORS: HAS THE U.S. BLOWN IT IN THE GULF?

SEPTEMBER 24, 1990 · $2.95

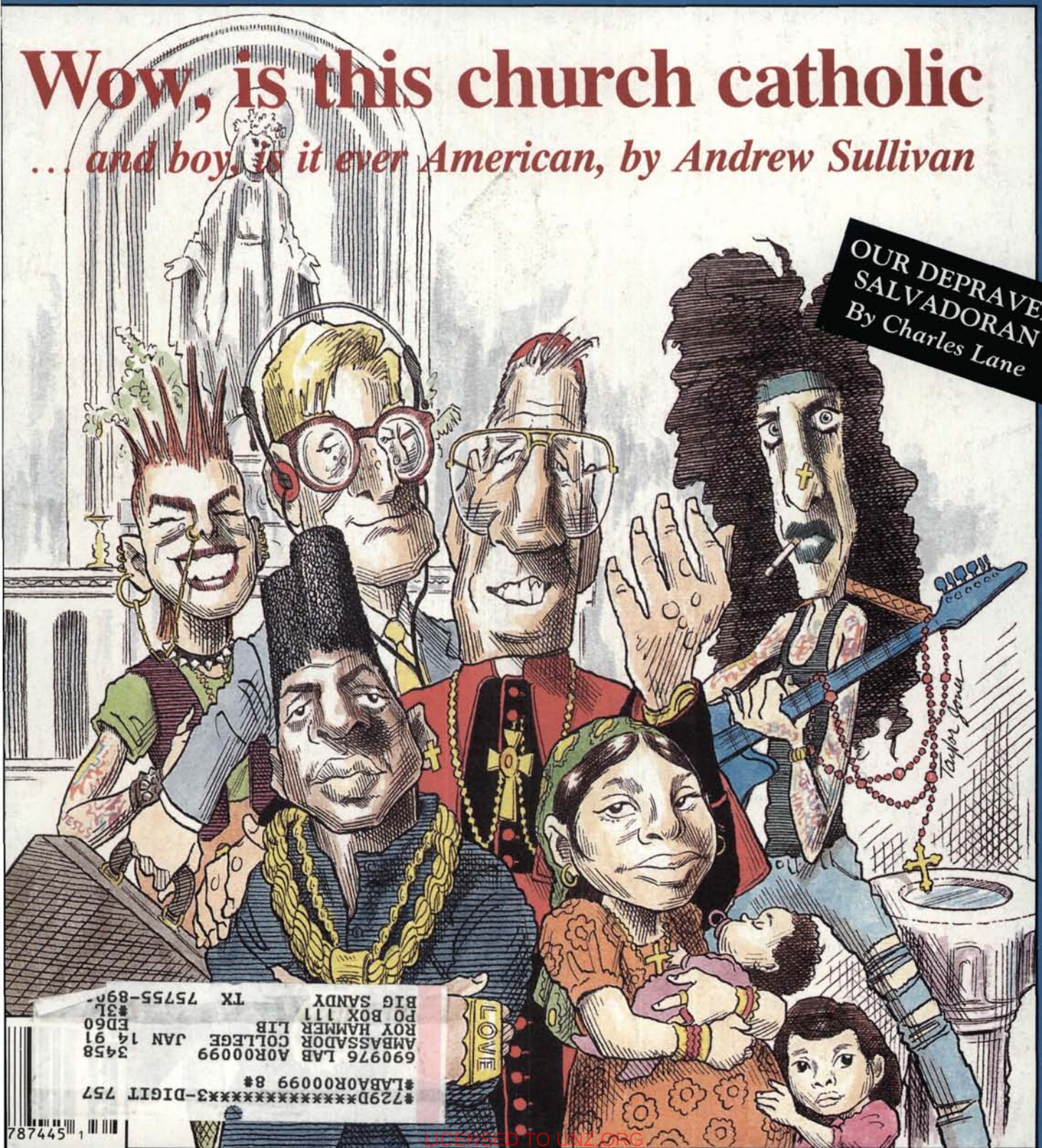
THE NEW REPUBLIC

us Fred Barnes, David Pryce-Jones, and Nadav Safran on Bush, the Arabs, and Iraq

Wow, is this church catholic

... and boy, is it ever American, by Andrew Sullivan

OUR DEPRAVED SALVADORAN
By Charles Lane



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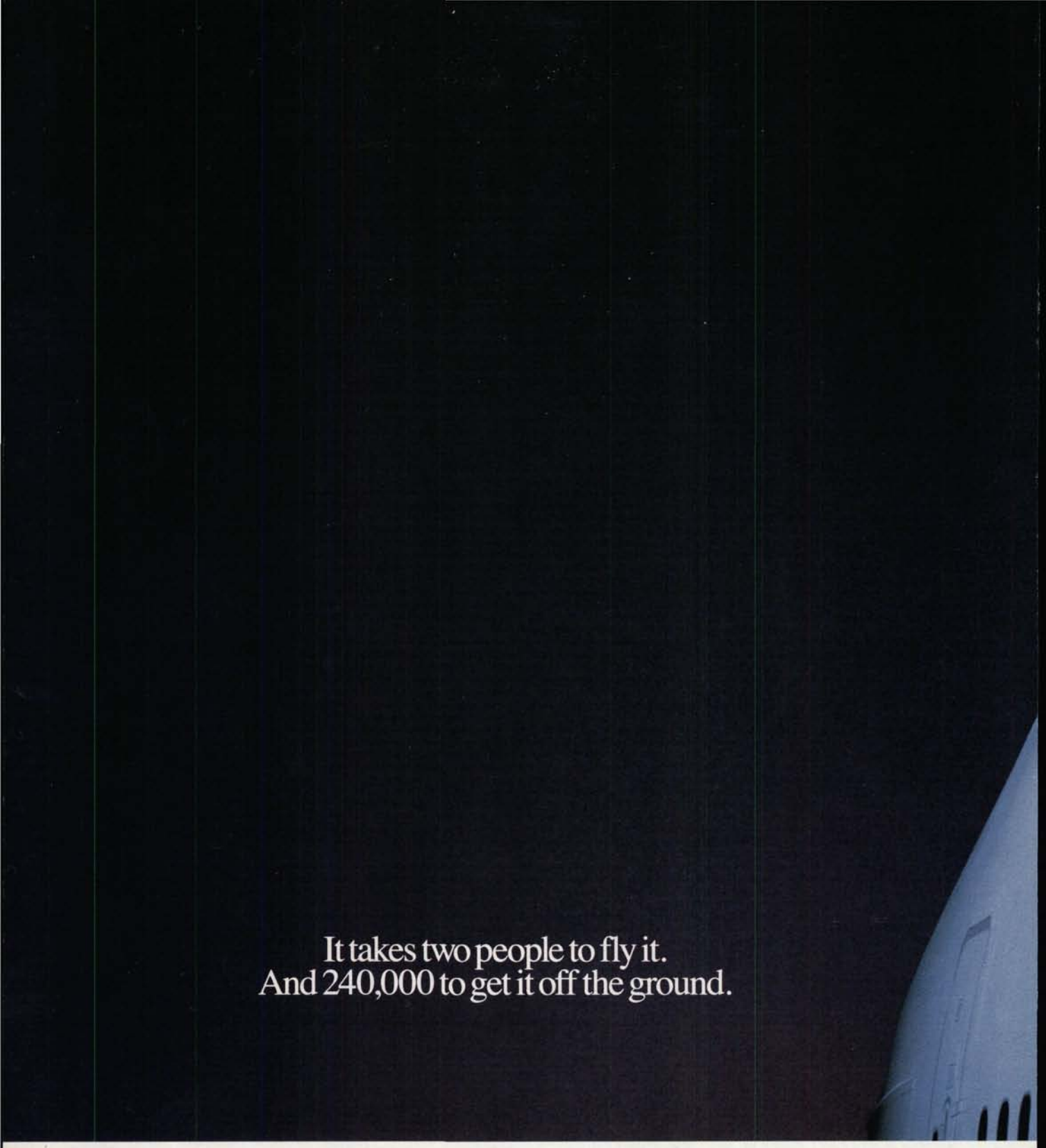

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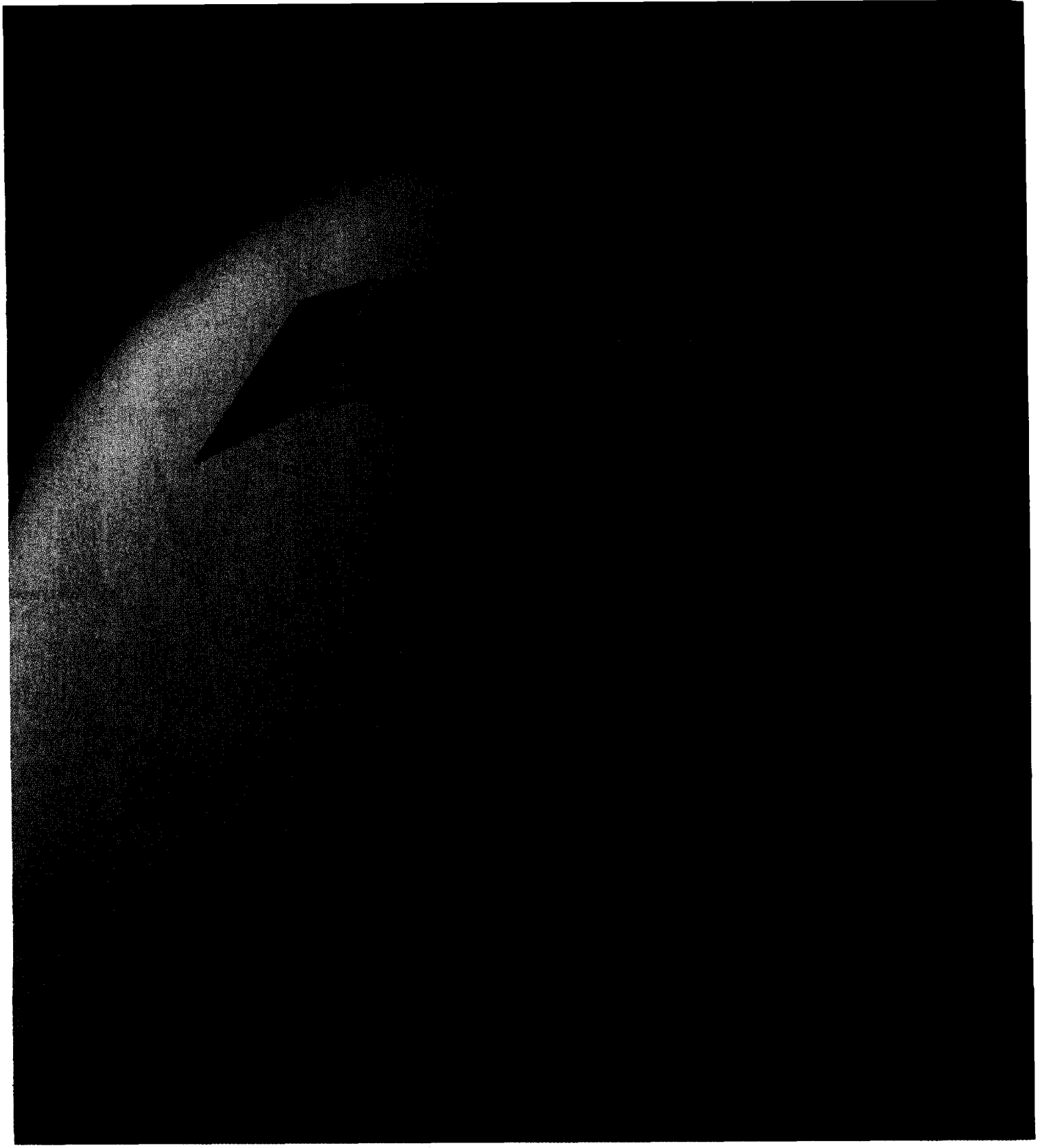

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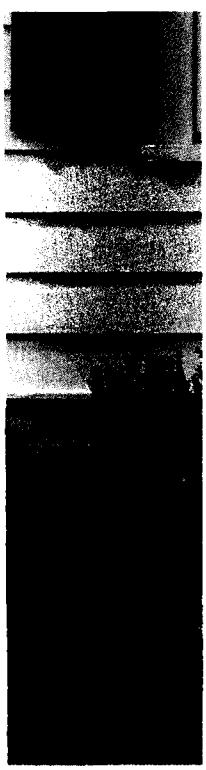

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FROM WASHINGTON

The nefarious east

"Today Japan controls the most sophisticated and successful political-economic machine in the United States." So writes Pat Choate in an excerpt from his long-awaited book about the Japan lobby, *Agents of Influence* (Knopf). The excerpt appears in the current *Harvard Business Review*. You will be hearing a lot about this book, since it says what so many people long to hear, and since its author is a brilliant self-promoter.

According to Choate, Japanese interests spend $400 million a year influencing political opinion in the U.S. This includes everything from hiring Washington lawyers to funding academic studies. If it also includes bribing public officials or sneaking mind-control drugs into the nation's water supply, Choate hasn't found out, although his ominous, Hitchcockian prose style leads you to expect such horrors around the next page.

Choate's essay is a Potemkin Village of misleading anecdotes and half-true statistics. When he's not hyperventilating, the author adopts the mock-scholarly style of much business writing: the "six basic messages," the "five techniques," the "six national and corporate goals," and so forth. These devices tart up a shoddy piece of work.

It's certainly plausible that all Japanese interests spend a total of $400 million on "public affairs," broadly defined, in the United States. What do they get for their money? Choate's examples of Japanese policy "successes" are few. His insistence that Japan has succeeded in brainwashing the American people into a state of catatonic approval is laughable. What world has Choate been living in? Resentment and hostility toward Japan are epidemic in America, as Choate's book is about to demonstrate.

Lobbyists, public relations consultants, and so on, generally spend at least as much effort hustling their own clients as they do hustling others on behalf of their clients. Choate offers no evidence that the Japanese have beaten these odds. Quite the reverse.

Under the heading "How to Make an American Governor a Japanese Lobbyist," he flourishes—as if he's found the smoking gun—a 1986 speech by Eddie Mahe Jr., "a leading Republican political consultant and a paid adviser to the Japanese embassy," to some Japanese businessmen. Choate summarizes Mahe's advice. First, "couch all issues in terms of jobs." Governors like people who offer to create jobs in their states. Second, "Couch trade issues in real rather than theoretical terms." Third, meet with as many public officials as possible, to develop goodwill. Follow these "three simple principles," and next thing you know, you will be "investing in or opening up a plant in the United States."

Choate does not say how much Mahe got paid for giving away to foreigners these deep secrets of the American system. Nor does he explain what is so awful about offering to create jobs and open factories, or about governors succumbing to such temptations.

With heavy irony, Choate keeps emphasizing that none of the activity he describes is illegal. Most of it, though, isn't even objectionable. He mentions, for example, a program that sends American social studies teachers to visit Japan. He fails, characteristically, to note that the United States runs many similar junkets to expose foreigners to our country. Instead, he trumps up a harmless quote from an anonymous consultant: "One teacher who has visited Japan can infect hundreds, even thousands, of other teachers with his or her enthusiasm." *Infect!* Choate declares portentously that this infectious enthusiasm is "the real purpose of the program."

The Washington industry of influence-for-hire—which accounts for just one-fourth of Choate's $400 million—is indeed deplorable, though hardly invented or used exclusively by the Japanese. Maybe it's somewhat more deplorable, on balance, for Washington big shots to sell their influence to foreigners than to domestic interests. But surely there is a more important ethical question: Are you using your influence to promote bad policies or good policies? Lobbyists for Japanese companies are usually pushing to keep America's markets open. Lobbyists for "American" interests, in disputes with the Japanese, are usually pushing for trade restrictions. Such restrictions may help their particular clients, but they hurt American citizens in general.

Choate's dunderheadedness on this point is illustrated by one of his rare examples of a Japan lobby success. Despite opposition from all three domestic automakers, the Japanese last year got the government to define light trucks as cars, rather than trucks, for purposes of im-

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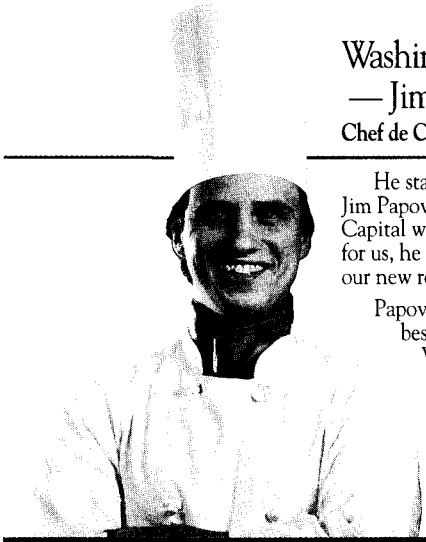

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SEPTEMBER 24, 1990

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CORRESPONDENCE

Cheap talk

To the editors:
Your "Talking Heads" editorial (August 20 & 27) goes beyond the various wrong-headed proposals to provide congressional and presidential candidates with a wide array of free time on television and radio as a quasi-instant cure for campaign problems. Free time, of course, is a misnomer. Free to the candidates, yes. To a broadcaster, time is at once money and the finite inventory available for programming to serve a mass audience. But why should broadcasting be singled out to clean up what others have done in the efforts to win votes?

The editorial bases its proposed giveaway on government largess in granting free licenses to broadcasters. TNR also receives government largess in the form of second-class mailing privileges, which are effectively if not legally subsidized by everyone who buys a postage stamp. Why doesn't TNR start a campaign to clean up campaigns by giving away, say, four "free" pages each week to candidates? Indeed, why doesn't TNR call on newspapers—also beneficiaries of second-class mailing privileges—to do the same?

C-SPAN has done a wonderful job of bringing Congress into millions of American homes. In spite of all that exposure—or perhaps because of it—voter turnout continues to decline. But it is unconvincing to suggest that any part of the solution is to add to the political commercial clutter on television and radio, whether free or paid.

GENE P. MATER
Washington, D.C.

The writer is a former senior vice president of CBS Broadcast Group.

National anathema

To the editors:
Your defense of Roseanne Barr for screeching out the national anthem is curious (Notebook, August 20 & 27). Did it have anything to do with Barbara Ehrenreich ("The Wretched of the Hearth," April 2) or Michael Kinsley ("Bart for President," TRB, July 23) praising her as a "working- class" hero or with Kinsley wondering why, if she has such popular appeal on television, the Democratic Party cannot similarly reach American workers?

Her type, a vulgarian opportunist, has about as much place in the Democratic Party as Jesse Jackson. We of working-class background don't want to be told who our heroes are by "eggheads." It will always be Lauren Bacall perched atop a piano and dangling her beautiful legs in front of Harry Truman.

JACK DIGGINS
Laguna Beach, California

Bad signs

To the editors:
In "Tilting at Billboards" (August 20 & 27), Ben Wildavsky seems to approve of painting out billboard ads for cigarette and alcohol that are targeted at blacks, but then carefully explains why the tactic is undesirable.

First he says the tactic smacks of paternalism. Presumably it is all right to ban ads for alcohol nationally but not if they appear only in black neighborhoods. Talk about racism.

Wildavsky also points out that various substances are more or less dangerous, the dangers being distributed along a continuum. If we ban ads for cigarettes, then others will want to ban ads for high-cholesterol foods and we must admit their right to do so. Accepting that reasoning makes logic more important than human welfare. Actually we face the problem every day and have long since solved the problem. We manage to live with the fact that some misdemeanors seem only slightly less harmful than some felonies. If we can improve public safety by being a bit illogical, it seems a small price to pay.

ROY GLADSTONE
Stillwater, Oklahoma

Dr. Watson's better half

To the editors:
Robert Wright subscribes to much the same cynicism he both praises and castigates in Dr. James Watson ("Achilles' Helix," July 9 & 16). He faintly congratulates Watson for beginning the biggest biomedical ethics program in science today and then retracts the compliment by suggesting that the program is a ploy to co-opt critics.

Watson has stated on numerous occasions that addressing the social, legal, and ethical consequences of mapping and sequencing the human genome is of paramount importance and must be developed simultaneously with basic science. He is prepared to commit 3 percent and more of the genome project's budget to study and policy development in these areas. He would be far more

continued on page 48

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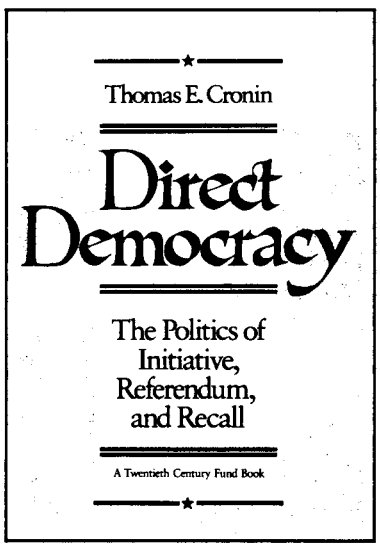

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

SEPTEMBER 24, 1990

SAND TRAP

What did President Bush do on his summer vacation? He weighed his options. On the golf course at Kennebunkport, would it be the iron or the putter? In the Middle East, would it be force or diplomacy, bombing or haggling?

Vacation time is over but decision time is not, and the president finds himself in a very large sand trap. For the moment at least, he has continued the buildup of American military power in the Persian Gulf region. But rather than use that power promptly, the president seems to have chosen to traffic in the bazaar of Arab politics with Saddam Hussein.

The bazaar is a shadowy and serpentine place, its habits barely comprehensible to Westerners. At his side to guide him through its twisting mazes, Mr. Bush has Secretary of State James Baker, national security adviser Brent Scowcroft, and Assistant Secretary of State John Kelly—the counselors who were still telling him in the waning days of July that Iraq is a reasonable and moderate polity. But even with the savviest traders, it is almost impossible to imagine how transactions in this bazaar could achieve ends remotely consonant with those for which U.S. force and the force of others have been massed.

On the contrary, as candid promoters of a diplomatic resolution to the present crisis admit, a "face-saving formula" requires that Saddam Hussein be allowed to keep some of what he has taken, while pretending that he has really given it up. (American face must be saved too.) The groping for a diplomatic compromise is already a great victory for Hussein. It puts the aggressor on the same plane with those against whom he has aggressed. This alone would confirm Iraq in its habits. And in any negotiation Iraq would go away from the table with more than it had before the August 2 invasion. Perhaps the Iraqis would be content with the two islands of Warban and Bubiyan. After ceding to Iran on August 15 the navigable eastern half of the Shatt-al-Arab estuary at the head of the Persian Gulf, the Iraqis have persuaded themselves that their need for these islands is axiomatic. Or maybe Kuwait would have to surrender only its stake in the oil-rich "neutral zone" straddling the two countries. Wouldn't the Kuwaitis still be rich without that zone? Oh, and one other matter. Although the Iraqis promptly pillaged Kuwait and its banks, Baghdad is still desperately in need of cash to fuel its imperial ambitions in the Gulf and elsewhere. Whatever concessions Hussein is persuaded to make, it's assumed that he will have to be compensated by having his debts to other Arabs canceled and his way otherwise paved with their gold—lots of it.

Saddam Hussein may turn out to be quite willing to take his spoils incrementally. Moreover, he now has the pleasure of hearing Westerners and Arab intellectuals fret about the democratic credentials of the old order in Kuwait. The idea has been put forth that the forced exit of the ruling al-Sabah family—to be followed by a plebiscite, open to non-Kuwaitis and to as many imported Iraqis as needed to ensure the result—will somehow promote democracy. This is simply fatuous, a pitiable attempt to obscure the horror that has been unleashed in the Gulf. Thus the spin from Baghdad. A few Western journalists—either gulled or scrounging for a new angle—have bought it, along with some of the Arabists at universities and think tanks who were caught out by this episode. In truth, the old order in Kuwait was probably the Arab world's most harmless, most tolerant society. It did not torture, it did not kill, and it permitted relatively free discourse.

In any case the danger posed by Iraq's adventure in Kuwait has little to do with forms of government, let alone with democracy. It has to do with order, in the region and in the world. A conclusion to this episode that leaves Iraq with more than it started out with will be no end at all. It will be in reality a bitter beginning. The same must be said for a conclusion that leaves a

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premodern tyranny like Iraq's in possession of so much postmodern weaponry. The regime's willingness to use such weaponry cannot be questioned, as its gassing of Iranians and disfavored Iraqi communities has shown. If, a month or two hence, Iraq has not had its present nuclear, chemical, biological, missile, aircraft, and tank capabilities massively undercut, the entire region will remain subject to the malign designs of its ruthless warlord polity. In that event, even the control of oil prices—for which, some cynics say, the troops were really sent into the Arabian desert—will be Hussein's to determine.

Still, the matter at stake is less oil or even the transient order among the Arabs than it is the very future of the region—and the world beyond the region, if Iraq is allowed to deploy the weapons that sensible states keep for deterrence. In our time, it should be remembered, only two states have used fearful weapons forbidden by international convention: Gamal Abdel Nasser's Egypt against Yemen, and Hussein's Iraq against its own Kurds and Shiites and against Iran. In each case it was the Pan-Arab conceit that justified the moral enormity of poison gas. President Bush has spoken only elliptically about the great danger an unconventionally armed Iraq poses to the world. It would have been better if he had made the removal of these arms an explicit American purpose. But even those now eager somehow to sate Hussein's appetite recognize an obligation to defang Iraq militarily. Senator John Kerry, for example, told *The Boston Globe* last week that Baghdad's nuclear program must be turned back "by diplomatic, covert, or overt measures." How this is to be achieved he doesn't say and doesn't know—as long as it isn't done by force. He is worried about "saber rattling" and about the United States becoming "overly bellicose and somewhat less than sensible." He hopes Hussein will go away, and observes sagely that "your first, best choice is for Iraqis to effect that." But the senator has little confidence in this option. So he has other ways to provoke what he mysteriously calls "down-road triggering," including "new initiatives toward settlement of the Arab-Israeli stalemate over the occupied West Bank" that might induce Iraq to withdraw from Kuwait.

This preposterous linkage has already been proposed by Hussein himself, who knows better than anyone how little his seizure of Kuwait had to do with Palestinians. Since Mr. Kerry knows Jerusalem won't play this game, he goes on to suggest having Iraq's claim to specific Kuwaiti territory adjudicated by some international tribunal: violator and violated equal before the bar of justice. Beyond sloppy thinking, what provokes this sloppy grab bag of nostrums? Certainly not a principled determination to safeguard the minimum norms of civilization. "If we stay linear here, that line is pointing in a very dangerous direction," Kerry concluded, mixing his buzzwords oddly. "[M]y greatest fear is this issue of too much box and not enough capacity to move out. . . . The question is how do you find the diplomatic wiggle room to achieve these goals?"

Iraq's brutal record, abroad and at home, is such that the aim of the United States (and the U.N. too) should be not to create room for the Iraqis to wiggle out of the present crisis unscathed but rather to make sure they cannot repeat it. Hussein has understood that if force wasn't our first resort it would become our last. So he is playing for time. He knows there will be those who will look for the seemingly safe but inherently unstable way out. Some voices have been heard in this vein—an odd assemblage, ranging from liberals like Ramsey Clark, George McGovern, and Senator Terry Sanford to conservatives like Patrick Buchanan, Joseph Sobran, and Robert Novak. But Hussein, master trader in the bazaar, is adept at evoking the distaste for force in the advanced societies.

His first step was to rally as many of the Arabs as he could around his flag. He roused the Sunnis of Iraq and the Palestinians everywhere in the area by his espousal of the Pan-Arab delusion, the belief that one noble hero will soon redeem the present decrepitude of Arab civilization. Nasser brought down upon the Arabs the calamity of 1967, yet his faded, curled photograph still adorns walls and stalls everywhere in the Arab Middle East. Hussein grasps that in his culture provoking disaster is not necessarily a disability. He supposes that with a bit of Nasserite populism he can win the Arab have-nots against the enfeebled Arab haves. All that will then remain will be to weaken the will of the West and especially of the United States.

We have seen this movie before: the procession of hostages before the TV cameras, concretizing and personalizing the suffering that our resistance to Iraq's aggression imposes on innocent people. The drill is simple. First Hussein takes hostages. Then he lets some of them go, proving his humanity. Each release is greeted as a positive development, a sign that at least he's talking, at least he's listening to reason. If Bush would only relent the rest could return to their families too. Let it be noted, by the way, that the supporting cast of Hussein's charade of kindness includes, so far, Kurt Waldheim and Jesse Jackson.

This could be a very long movie. And the longer it lasts the more fidgety the multilateral audience will become, the stronger the temptation to bolt for the exits.

The resolution enacted on August 25 by the U.N. Security Council explicitly permits the use of force to make good on the embargo, but it implicitly imposes restraints—the restraints needed to hold together the coalition that passed it. (Such restraints are endemic to multilateralism and to consensus politics generally.) The U.N. resolution does not keep those who voted for it from caviling when their interests dictate. Nor did it keep the secretary general from coming back empty-handed from his meeting with the Iraqi foreign minister in Amman. And the embargo is becoming porous. Reports from Jordan, for example, tell of heavy transport traffic in the air to Iraq; presumably the cargoes do not come from the farms and factories of the hills of Moab.

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Apart from the United Kingdom, which is by now well represented militarily, the allies have been chintzy even in the financial support they are proffering—despite the demeaning spectacle of two members of the Bush Cabinet, the secretaries of state and of the treasury, turning up in one wealthy capital after another in the role of mendicant, rattling the tin cup to pay the escalating costs of the strategy of standoff the administration itself has chosen.

As for the Soviet Union, Eduard Shevardnadze's foreign ministry has been surprisingly strong in its rhetorical support of the U.S. deployments in the Gulf and its condemnations of the Iraqi invasion. But Moscow has ruled out any Soviet military participation, and Mr. Shevardnadze, in the run-up to the Bush-Gorbachev summit at the weekend, was beginning to natter on about Kuwait as one of "several highly complex interlocking problems that have many critical undertones."

This leaves it up to the Arab countries whose independence we are trying to assure to restore sovereignty to Kuwait. Thus far they have, in many ways, been more steadfast than we had expected. Indeed, at the last meeting of the Arab League in Cairo, thirteen of the twenty-one members escalated their demands on Iraq to include paying reparations to those Baghdad had victimized. Still, panic is always near the surface. That is why the Saudi defense minister, Prince Sultan, feels obliged to assert and reassert that the American presence in his country is for defense only. No offense, please. The Saudis and their friends have risked a lot in allowing us to defend them: that can be said truly, and without sarcasm. The politics of the mob, to which each of them feels vulnerable, inclines them to speak of hopes for an Arab solution to the crisis. But they know these hopes are fanciful—and farcical. We agree with Nadav Safran (see "Strike Supporters," page 24) that whatever Prince Sultan says to pacify the street, the major Arab states want the United States to deliver a crippling blow to Baathist Iraq. The problem is they can't say so out loud. But what the Saudis and the Egyptians, the Kuwaitis and the Omanis, are saying in private is that the United States must take out Hussein and his nuclear-biological-chemical capability.

These Arabs had to have been dismayed by the observation of the U.S. commander in the Gulf, General H. Norman Schwarzkopf, that "there is not going to be any war unless the Iraqis attack." If that is truly American policy, they fear, the Iraqis will simply time their next move until after the Americans get tired and go home. Once home, Hussein knows, G.I. Joe won't come back.

And he will get tired. The Arabs won't permit him his beer or his *Penthouse*, and the Saudi desert is not exactly visitor-friendly. Still, the Saudis are probably more afraid that we'll extend our stay too long, waiting vainly for Hussein to strike, than that we'll leave too soon. An extended American presence in Saudi Arabia might well be destabilizing. The country is always restive, though disparate and dispersed tribes—the Hejazis, the Asiris, and others only loosely tied to official Riyadh (and almost entirely unknown to official Washington)—might begin to see the monarchy as compromised. And under American military protection the Saudi rulers will no longer be able to dispense quite so easily with their internal enemies. Human rights organizations will begin to pay attention. None of the U.S. intelligence agencies has been able to provide the administration with an informed estimate of the consequences within Saudi Arabia of an extended American visit. There is no free press to help one judge, no real public opinion, no solid in-country intelligence at all. Compared with our devastating ignorance about Saudi Arabia, our knowledge of pre-Khomeini Iran may have been near-perfect.

Better on all counts to have gotten this matter over with quickly—which is to say militarily, by strikes against Baghdad's infrastructure of mass terror. For though Iraq shows no signs that it will tempt the United States to strike by moving against the Saudis any time soon, Iraq also shows no signs that it will back down in Kuwait. Since it was precisely this retreat that, George Bush said, our deployment was to bring about, we are at an impasse. Baghdad is already distributing new maps showing Kuwait absorbed into Iraq as its nineteenth province. One section of that supposed province has already been named after Hussein himself. Meanwhile, tens of thousands of refugees, overwhelmingly Muslim, continue to stream out of this enlarged Iraq, the putative champion of the oppressed and the miserable. When people vote with their feet they do not lie. Thousands of Palestinians also are leaving Kuwait, the conquest of which their entire leadership saluted; and many of them are going to the Israeli-occupied West Bank. Better to live under the rule of the perfidious Jews than under him whom Arafat has appointed liberator.

Instead of dealing directly with the special threat that the Iraqi Baath poses to the always precarious peace of the Middle East, the United States seems to have reverted to an old vocation, the selling of arms to Saudi Arabia—something like $3 billion worth in the new installment of this commerce. Has anyone pondered the irony that American soldiers are right now staring down the barrels of American weapons that we sold to Kuwait and that now are in Iraqi hands? Saudi Arabia has already acquired, the scholar J. B. Kelly points out in *The Spectator*, "more weaponry than any country of its size in the history of the world." All to naught. But the illusion persists that we can arm Saudi Arabia into military self-sufficiency. Then, when Hussein strikes the next time, the argument goes, the Saudis will be able to fend off his armies without our help. This is, we suppose, an indispensable hypothesis if we're not inclined to make the move against Iraq ourselves. It is also a false and irresponsible hypothesis, the luxury of living far away.

For whatever reason the administration seems to have forsworn the use of force against Iraq. This is

continued on page 14

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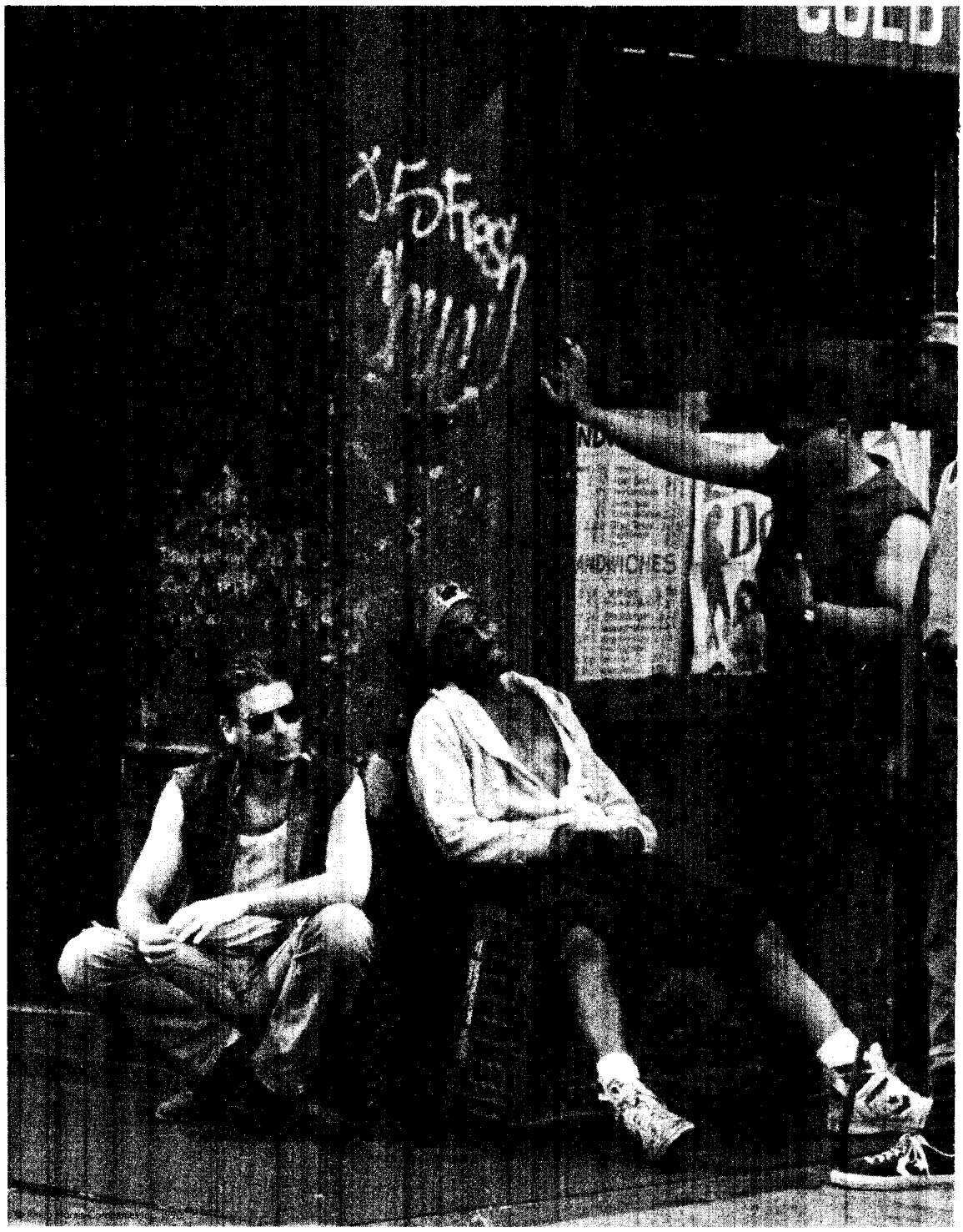

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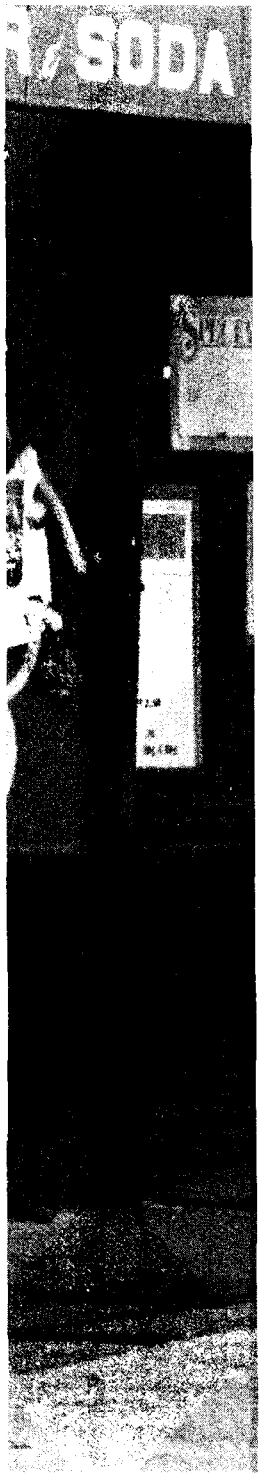

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partly a consequence of a strategy of global consensus that values unanimity of action over freedom of action. But if all that the president wanted to do was dither, why did he send a hundred thousand armed men and women to the Gulf in the first place? And if Hussein is allowed to "save face" and retain his power to threaten, won't this entire project seem in retrospect to have been more than a little out of proportion? So we are reduced to quibbling, quibbling with the Kuwaitis, the other Arabs, our allies, the U.N., the Soviets. Quibbling can become a way of life, even in big power politics. But it is not a gratifying way of life. The danger is that at some point we will simply become exhausted and leave.

Of course it's still possible that Bush's patience with the Iraqis will become exhausted first. But when asked at his press conference last week if there was anything he could do "to help protect Israel and Saudi Arabia against a chemical attack as was threatened today," he said: "Israel has behaved very well, and Israel has never had difficulty defending itself. In terms of Saudi Arabia, we are committed to the defense of Saudi Arabia and I believe that we have a major stake in protecting them against that kind of further aggression." Unlike Saudi Arabia, Israel does not have the luxury of an American "Desert Shield"; and unlike America, Israel does not have the luxury of distance or the option of withdrawal. But Israel also does not bear the burdens or suffer the limitations of leading the free world; and Mr. Bush's statement could be read as fair warning to Iraq that those limitations may not apply to the Israelis. The threat that Iraq poses to everybody in its neighborhood, *and* especially to Israel itself, is partly a consequence of the cupidity of those very free world countries that now wish Saddam Hussein ill. If the United States doesn't fulfill that wish soon, the task will be left to Israel. In that event, civilization will owe the Israelis yet another debt for unilateral actions in behalf of the non-proliferation of unconventional weapons.

NOTEBOOK

CORRECTION: Marian Anderson's 1939 encounter with the national anthem was not one of its three most memorable renditions, as we posited a few weeks ago (Notebook, August 20 & 27). It was the most memorable time the national anthem was ever *not* sung. We've now been reminded that after being barred from Constitution Hall by the Daughters of the America Revolution in 1939, Anderson decided to sing "America the Beautiful" on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial instead. A letter from a subscriber suggested that the DAR was actually engaging in a heroic act of what might be called civil obedience. A D.C. law, he wrote, forbade integrated performances. By obeying it, the "farsighted Daughters" hoped to "force the District to erase it." DAR's president, Marie Yochim, offered another explanation: "Marian Anderson was not denied the hall because she was black. Her manager asked for a particular date, and was told that date was booked by the National Symphony." But Allida M. Black, a doctoral candidate at George Washington University who has published two articles on the Anderson affair, says that both excuses were discredited fifty years ago. Here are the facts: Howard University tried to book Constitution Hall for the Anderson benefit for April 9, 1939, and was told the National Symphony had already reserved the date. When Howard asked for April 8 or 10, the manager of the hall confessed that the DAR had a policy of not renting to blacks. After the story surfaced in the press, the DAR cooked up the story about a D.C. law. But when the attorney general looked into the matter at Eleanor Roosevelt's request, he found that no such law existed. In a final attempt at cover-up, the DAR destroyed the minutes of meetings and records that showed that the hall had hosted performances by black minstrel singers. Today the DAR stands as a sort of Kurt Waldheim of patriotic organizations. "There's nothing to apologize for," says Yochim. "We have 150 employees today. A lot of them are black and have been for years."

QUID PRO PERSIA:
Neither East nor West
Iran, the Soviet Union and the United States
edited by Nikki R. Keddie and Mark Gasiorowski
"The book is a valuable contribution, fresh both in materials and perspectives, well written, succinct, and lively."
—Ervand Abrahamian, author of *The Iranian Mojahedin*

The Iranian Mojahedin
by Ervand Abrahamian
"A very fine book that deals with an important subject in a very thorough and engrossing fashion."
—Nikki R. Keddie

(Yale University Press, fall catalog)

OFF WITH HIS HEADLINE: A sampling of this election cycle's TV commercials underscores the point that the real problem is not negative advertising but advertising that is intentionally dishonest. In Massachusetts gubernatorial candidate John Silber has been broadcasting ten- and sixty-second spots that focus on an August headline from *The Boston Globe*: "Questions linger over Bellotti's corruption record." The word "corruption" is highlighted in yellow. While this image pulsates on the screen, an announcer recites: "Corruption, the oldest word in the politics of the past. . . ." The clear implication is that Francis Bellotti, Silber's Italian-American opponent in the upcoming Democratic primary, has a record of personal corruption. In fact, the *Globe* story is about Bellotti's prosecution of corruption cases as attorney general of Massachusetts. This stink bomb was produced by media consultant Bob Squier, who is using the same technique in Texas, where he represents Democratic nominee Ann Richards in her

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campaign against Clayton Williams. One of Richards's recent advertisements focuses on the *Houston Chronicle* headline: "Lawsuits allege Williams a Deadbeat." This is in fact part of a longer headline that reads in full: "Lawsuits allege Williams a Deadbeat, Richards discloses." Cut to footage of Williams walking into a prison. The cynical strategy behind these commercials is to mire one's opponent so deeply in spurious accusations that he remains on the defensive throughout the campaign. Before he has a chance to clear up the "controversy" surrounding the first innuendo, a new smear is introduced. If political consultants as a group had a notion of professional responsibility, they would discipline Squier for these deceptions. Instead, they're moving quickly to adopt his latest innovation. •

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

No offense

By Fred Barnes

If President Bush hadn't called it off, a shooting war between the United States and Iraq would have begun on August 18. Two Iraqi oil tankers, subject to the United Nations trade embargo, were steaming across the Persian Gulf toward their destination in Yemen. According to the rules of engagement laid down by the Pentagon, American ships were entitled to disable Iraqi vessels—in effect, shoot to maim—that refused to turn back or submit to inspection. Both ships refused. The matter wasn't left to the military. It was brought before the "deputies committee," an interagency group headed by Robert Gates, Bush's deputy national security adviser. At the time the administration was eager to win the U.N. Security Council's approval of the use of force in pressing the embargo against Iraq. Attacking Iraqi ships might cause the U.N. to balk at granting that approval, the deputies decided. They recommended that U.S. Navy warships fire only warning shots. Bush, on vacation in Kennebunkport, agreed. Nine shots were fired, and the Iraqi ships steamed on, unimpeded and unharmed.

That episode was a miniature version of the dilemma Bush now faces in the Persian Gulf. Should he order a unilateral strike against Iraq, or should he let other considerations, such as maintaining the worldwide coalition of nations he's organized against Iraq, limit his actions? In the case of the two tankers, there was an arguable case for declining to attack. "We wanted the U.N. resolution real bad," says Press Secretary Marlin Fitzwater. "It was a trade-off" that worked out well, insists a senior White House official. The tankers defied the embargo, but they've never been unloaded (Yemen won't allow it). At the U.N. a week later, the use of force was approved, bolstering the world trade embargo against Iraq. This, in turn, prompted Saddam Hussein, the Iraqi dictator, to blink. He instructed Iraqi ship captains to submit to inspections.

So far, so good. But there's a problem ahead with this approach. If accommodating other considerations is the pattern, Bush may jeopardize both his stated and unstated goals in the Persian Gulf. For example, practically no one at the White House, including Bush, is confident that an embargo, even a leakproof one, is sufficient to eject Hussein from Kuwait. Yet Iraq's departure is one of Bush's oft-stated objectives. "The means just aren't going to accomplish the goal," insists a pessimistic White House official. "So you have to change the means, not the goal." That necessitates going beyond an economic embargo, the maximum means now for tethering Iraq. Would Bush's anti-Iraq coalition go along with stronger measures, like a full-scale assault on Hussein's military assets in Kuwait and Iraq? I doubt it. And if the pattern holds, Bush will bow to their wishes.

Another Bush goal, never stated openly, is the removal of Hussein from power in Iraq, or at least the dismantling of his war machine (one million troops, 5,000 tanks, 500 fighter planes, plus chemical weapons and a potential nuclear capability). "You don't go back to the *status quo ante bellum*," says a Bush adviser flatly. Bush has hinted at this by citing, as one of his four "publicly stated objectives," the "security and stability of the Persian Gulf." Should Hussein leave Kuwait, the Gulf still wouldn't be secure and stable—unless he also reduced his offensive arsenal. At his press conference on August 30 Bush was almost explicit about this goal. "The world would demand that there be no chance of another invasion the minute this [Iraq's conquest of Kuwait] ended," he said.

But would the world—the U.N., moderate Arab states, the Soviets, etc.—approve the means for achieving this? Probably not. Egypt and Saudi Arabia might go along privately. Israel might publicly. But my guess is that most countries who've signed up for the embargo won't agree to stronger stuff. So if a military attack were required, Bush would have to act largely on his own. That wouldn't be an easy decision. For one thing, Bush has to wait several months for the embargo to be proven ineffective. By then a lot else will have happened. Iraq doubtless will have exploited the hostages relentlessly, releasing tapes of hostages pleading for their lives and urging Bush not to attack. Negotiations with Iraq of some sort will be under way. As bold as Bush has been in the crisis so far, I can't see him ordering an attack in that situation. He's made the toughest statement by any president about not letting hostages interfere with his decision. "We cannot permit hostage-taking to shape the foreign policy of this country, and I won't permit it to do that," he said on August 30. Fine words, but how can Bush erase

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American hostages, perhaps more than 2,000 of them, from the policy equation? He can't.

For now the White House is left with vague hopes that the embargo will work wonders. At an informal picnic for the press at Bush's house in Kennebunkport on August 31, a senior official spun out his dream scenario for reporters. Hurt by the embargo, Hussein suddenly announces that the Emir of Kuwait is now willing to negotiate in good faith with him over their economic disagreements. As a result, Iraqi troops will be departing from Kuwait and the Emir's government is free to return. The official didn't characterize this as likely, but he said something like it could happen. Lots of luck.

Others at the White House tell a more elaborate tale of how Bush might win the standoff with Hussein. Of course, they're guessing. First off, the embargo works and Iraq is brought to its knees within a month or two. This causes Iraq to withdraw from Kuwait and release all hostages. At this point the United States would have fully deployed its forces in the Gulf, but force wouldn't be needed to keep Hussein from invading again. "If he is taken out of Kuwait and a legitimate government restored, enough things will happen in connection with this—his loss of face, his authority weakened—that a lot of other bad things will happen to him," contends a Bush adviser.

That's not as incoherent as it sounds. The gist is that defeat in Kuwait means defeat at home for Hussein. This is what happens in democracies. In 1968, for instance, the American defeat in Vietnam caused President Lyndon Johnson to lose his job in Washington. Maybe something similar will happen in an Arab dictatorship. "I don't know of any Arab expert who believes Saddam could unconditionally withdraw from Kuwait, having just given away everything that was won in eight years of war with Iran, and not have his internal position affected," says another senior White House official. But surely Hussein is aware that retreat may be politically disastrous for him. It's bound to make him all the more reluctant to withdraw.

A more realistic victory scenario is embraced by several of Bush's top advisers, notably Secretary of State James Baker. It's one the White House doesn't like to talk about because it involves a permanent American presence in the Gulf. This scenario has the Iraqi leader, pinched by the embargo, leaving Kuwait but not trimming his military forces or losing power. He'll still be a menace, requiring American forces in Saudi Arabia as a deterrent. An Arab or multinational force would be installed in Kuwait. "This is inevitable," says one official. And the Bush administration would have to build up the forces of all the anti-Hussein countries in the Middle East. In short, these aides envision long-term containment of Iraq, led by the United States.

This makes sense, but remember, the Bushies are guessing. Neither Bush nor his aides have a clue about how the Iraqi leader will respond to a truly effective embargo. "I don't know what is in this man's mind," Bush told reporters. He listened to Arab experts for more than an hour on August 31 and still didn't know. The best they could tell is that Hussein will stick in Kuwait for weeks, then it's anybody's guess what he'll do. The "lash out" theory isn't rejected out of hand at the White House. It holds that, though Hussein is avoiding any provocation now, he'll lash out in an irrational military attack when the embargo begins to bite.

I don't think Bush buys any of these scenarios. And he hasn't abandoned the idea of a unilateral American military operation against Iraq. He was intrigued when he heard about the "second phase" to the crisis as spelled out by Republican Senator Richard Lugar of Indiana. The Iraqis have been deterred from further advances (that was the first phase). Now they'll have to be driven out of Kuwait and their "capacity to continue to terrorize the Middle East" curtailed. "Military force will have to be required," says Lugar.

Bush invited Lugar and ten other members of Congress (six Democrats, five Republicans) to a private dinner upstairs at the White House on August 29. Before they ate, the group chatted about Iraq for an hour in the living room. Lugar didn't have to broach the subject of the second phase. Bush singled him out and asked him to explain. Lugar said three things must be accomplished: Hussein's ouster, destruction of Iraq's chemical facilities, and elimination of its nuclear potential. Bush didn't say whether he agreed or not. But, said Lugar, "he understands the predicament [he's in] very well." •

Moscow and Jerusalem, from Washington.

INTERESTED PARTIES

By Morton Kondracke

Herewith some notes on the Bush administration's view of the role of a couple of interested bystanders (so far) to the Gulf crisis, the Russians and the Israelis:

The Russians: Riding in Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze's limousine in the Siberian city of Irkutsk on the way to lunch on August 1, Secretary of State James Baker told his host, "I'm very worried that the Iraqis are poised to go into Kuwait. Our reading of things is that they are going to do it." Baker confessed that the United States had underestimated Saddam Hussein's aggressiveness and cautioned Shevardnadze that an Iraqi invasion would pose important problems for the Soviet Union as well as the United States. "No," said Shevardnadze, "the Iraqis are just posturing. They are not going to do it."

By the next morning the Iraqis had done it. Baker got

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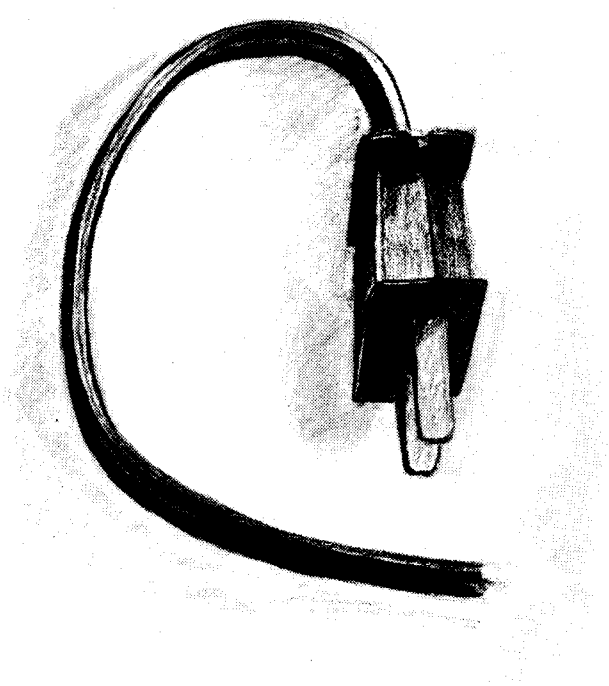

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the word from his policy planning chief, Dennis Ross, in a men's room during a break in his talks with Shevardnadze. When Baker told Shevardnadze, aides say, the Soviet official was "clearly surprised." And on August 3 Shevardnadze acknowledged in public—in Moscow, no less—that Baker had told him the Iraqis were going to invade, but he hadn't believed it. Naturally enough, the big news out of Baker and Shevardnadze's joint press conference was that the two superpowers were acting together in an unprecedented way to denounce Iraq's "brutal and illegal" aggression and to call for a worldwide arms embargo against the Soviet Union's former ally. Baker aides, however, were also astounded that a Soviet foreign minister—even Baker's pal Shevardnadze, known at State as "Shevy"—would confess to his own press and public that American information was better than his own.

This sequence of events is being cited around the Bush administration to refute claims from outside critics, mainly right-wingers, that the Soviet Union is playing a perfidious double game in the Iraq crisis—pretending to be part of the "new world order" that the administration is trying to put together, while at the same time keeping up its ties with Iraq. Administration officials say that U.S. intelligence agencies do not believe that the KGB knew about the invasion in advance, let alone helped to plan it. There is no evidence, they say, to support stories that Soviet Colonel General Albert Makashov visited Iraq prior to the invasion. U.S. intelligence picked up no extraordinary Soviet signal traffic out of Iraq before the invasion, but plenty afterward—indicating a surprise reaction, not foreknowledge. U.S. officials are not happy that the Soviets have not withdrawn military technical advisers from Iraq—numbering between 193 and 1,000, depending on who's estimating—but they confirm that the Soviet government is providing intelligence on Iraqi weapons capabilities and has leased the United States a cargo ship to carry forces to the Gulf.

The Iraqi invasion created an unanticipated security dimension for the emerging post-cold war order. By getting the Soviet Union to join with the United States in isolating Iraq from the very beginning, the United States made it easier to get everyone else to sign up, especially Turkey, located between Iraq and the USSR, and Syria, a Soviet client. The United States needed to provide the military muscle and the strategy to face down Saddam, but others are supplying money, bases, and political support. Bush's quickie summit with Mikhail Gorbachev was designed to maintain world pressure on Hussein.

Israel: The White House is anxious that Israel not attack Iraq or be drawn into a conflict so that Hussein could turn his invasion into an Arab-Israeli dispute. Bush wrote to Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir on August 27, saying, "I want to tell you how much I appreciate the restraint you have shown. . . . I am sure you realize the extreme importance of continuing this posture. As you know, vital American interests are at stake and it is equally vital that nothing be done that could prejudice them."

Israeli officials, including outgoing Israeli Ambassador Moshe Arad, are worried that Saudi Arabia and Egypt, having stuck their necks out to side with the United States against Iraq, will demand that the United States put pressure on Israel for a settlement with Palestinians over the West Bank, and that the United States will comply. And high-ranking administration officials don't deny that they still want to pursue a Palestinian-Israeli dialogue leading to elections on the West Bank, though they acknowledge that the process has been set back by the enthusiasm of Palestinians for Saddam Hussein and the anger that has engendered in Israel. "The fact that the PLO has discredited itself," says one White House official, "doesn't mean that the need for a solution has gone away."

An alternative path, just being talked about within the administration, is to get "our Arabs" (Saudi Arabia, the Gulf states, and Egypt) to see that they have interests in common with Israel, and to begin a confidence-building process among them the way the United States has with the Soviet Union—exchanging information on military maneuvers, for example, and negotiating arms control. But all that depends on whether Hussein is neutralized as a threat to the region. •

The Arab respect for power.

THE CONQUERING HERO

By David Pryce-Jones

Refusal to reflect upon the reality of the Arab world leads time and again to being disagreeably surprised by it. Anwar Sadat's crossing of the Suez Canal in 1973, the use of the oil weapon, the collapse of Lebanon and its invasion by Syria, the intifada, Saddam Hussein's attacks on Iran and Kuwait—all are presented in the West as unpredictable as acts of God. Their perpetrators are thought to be irrational or suicidal. Yet all are a natural part of the Arab social and political order. The violence is systemic, therefore self-repeating. So strong is the logic of Arab behavior that Westerners are obliged to fall in with it in a crisis like the present one.

According to Arab culture, power belongs to whoever has the will and strength to grasp it. Victory goes deservedly to the strong, while the vanquished and the weak are to be despised. Force is therefore a necessary instrument, the means by which the would-be leader eliminates his rivals. Once he has become an absolute

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power-holder at home, he finds some pretext to extend his reach by attacking abroad. Far from being considered a crime, the use of force establishes credentials in a leader, and determines the primacy of his status. So it happens that Arabs come to applaud a leader who is very obviously endangering them.

Western societies are based upon free association, government by consent under the rule of law—in a word, contract. Contract is incompatible with the Arab concept of absolute power sanctioned by status. The gap between status and contract was perfectly illustrated in the way the invasion of Kuwait was answered by the legalities of the United Nations.

To Westerners, the use of force indicates social or political breakdown, and they can hardly conceive it in any positive connection with leadership and honor. It seems paradoxical that what looks like disorder and violence is actually a form of stability, a constant Darwinian testing of internal and external relationships. What puts an end to the ambitions of a leader is the arrival upon the scene of another who is more than his match. Communism in its heyday offered an approximation. The Party deemed that the promotion of its ends justified violence. The alleged class struggle of Nicolae Ceausescu resembled the careerist struggle of Saddam Hussein. Ceausescu's downfall is said to have jolted Hussein.

Needless to say, Arabs are no more and no less disposed than other peoples to war and cruelty. The historic formula that "force is the only language they understand" is not a racist ascription of innate bad character, but a comment upon the absolutism built into their culture. No institutions or political mechanisms, such as genuine representation or free speech, exist to temper or moderate the use of force in a leader. "*L'état c'est moi*" is the total philosophy of every Arab ruler. Hussein put it clearly when he said recently that in Iraq the law is two lines on a sheet of paper with his signature below.

If the potential Arab leader is to succeed, he requires a heroic biography. Muammar Qaddafi, Yasir Arafat, Saddam Hussein, and others claim to have murdered with their own hands those who stood in their way. Hussein is sometimes credited with twenty-two murders carried out in person. These may well be only rumors or imaginative projections for purposes of enhancing status. Yet for these murders—as well as for ordering the gassing of the Kurds, Iraqi Shiites, and Iranians, and for practicing terrorism and waging wars of aggrandizement—Hussein can expect support from his culture. Many Arabs, of course, see him as a monster, but many more do indeed think he is making a hero of himself. Even those who fear him are compelled to admire in him an audacity they could not emulate.

In the absence of any check on a leader's quest for power and status, he will press on until the test of experience reveals his limits. All the wars and coups in the Middle East of the past forty years are expressions of this quest on the part of one leader after another. In this latest example, Saudi Arabia and the other Gulf states understand that the next testing of Saddam Hussein's limits is likely to be at their expense. King Hussein daily demonstrates his fear of the same fate.

Little or nothing in Saddam Hussein's experience would have led him to anticipate that in invading Kuwait he might overreach the limit of his power. The international community had hardly complained at the use of forbidden forms of warfare against Iranians or about the tortures and executions in Iraq. When he was in danger of losing the war against Iran, the superpowers and other European states had, in fact, hastened to his rescue with arms, and until the attack on Kuwait had been offering financial credits, more arms, and overt encouragement. To Hussein, the world had granted him victory and status, which could only mean that it acknowledged him as the decisive arbiter of power in the Gulf and perhaps the entire Middle East. The embargo and sanctions of the U.N. may well have surprised Hussein as much as he had surprised others.

Arab leaders in search of power and status have made a practice of justifying their ambition by repeated claims to Arab unity, Islam, and supposed anti-Western sentiment. Hussein follows this well-worn path. Yet far from creating unity, he has raised up against himself a coalition of Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Syria, and others who dread his ambition, and for whom his downfall has become a political necessity. They have made a rational calculation that his idea of Arab unity involves their liquidation. Where Islam is concerned, in 1979 Hussein hanged the Iraqi Ayatollah Muhammad Al-Sadr as a warning that he was tolerating no fundamentalism, and he is already responsible for protracted intra-Muslim fighting. Demonstration of his power of life and death over Western hostages, and his repeated broadcasts in the rhetoric of honor about "burning" his enemies or cutting off parts of their bodies, are just self-enhancements typical of the culture and attempts to cover himself with doctrine.

The Palestinians as usual are a special case. Kuwait had sheltered perhaps 350,000 of them, the majority of whom are probably still there. Its university was the last refuge of Palestinian intellectuals, among them some able PLO spokesmen. These Palestinians and their publications are now subjected to Iraqi control. Homes, businesses, and savings have been swept away. Tens of millions of dollars in subsidies from Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, and the rest of the Gulf will not be paid. Palestinians everywhere will be poorer, and their cause has suffered a disastrous setback.

Yet by and large the PLO leadership, and consequently the Palestinian masses, support Hussein. The motivation is instructive. Calculation counts for less than the recovery of honor and status. They feel humiliated by their history, and they are particularly aggrieved about unjust treatment in Kuwait, Jordan, and under Israeli occupation. Since Hussein threatens those responsible for such injustice, they overlook the fact that he is acting on his own behalf and is certain to retain all spoils for

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himself. New graffiti on the West Bank say, essentially, that chemical weapons mean strength (a play in Arabic on *qawii*, strong, and *kimawii*, chemical). In the event of chemical war, the rump of Palestine risks being lost forever, either through use of the weapon in the area or because an Israel at the end of its tether might drive the Arabs out. But so strong is the culture that the wish for violent revenge takes priority over self-interest.

In the old days the Ottoman sultan would have dispatched a pasha with a column of soldiers to hang someone like Hussein as a disturber of the peace. Faced with the same problem between the two world wars, the British and French decided to cut their losses and handed power to the disturbers, who of course described themselves as nationalist heroes. Gamal Abdel Nasser and his imitators, of whom Hussein is only the most recent, sought for themselves as much power as possible, creating conflicts of interest between Arabs and Westerners.

Irrespective of the rights and wrongs of those conflicts, the huge majority of Westerners each time called for solutions through negotiation. This too was a cultural response, but one that finds no correspondence in the Arab order. To be sure, Arabs have complex and satisfactory means of resolving disputes of low intensity through consensus. But once engaged in a conflict concerning a vital interest, an Arab leader has no choice but to give priority to status, and by definition status is not negotiable.

In the unlikely event that Hussein had been prepared to consider withdrawal in accordance with U.N. resolutions, his actions have virtually excluded such a possibility. Annexation, the closing of embassies, the hostage-taking, and naming a section of Kuwait City after himself are all more assertions of honor upon which he cannot go back without public shame. By suing for peace with Iran, Hussein hopes to persuade his countrymen that Kuwait is the real reward for that costly war, and justifies it. Withdrawal is clearly in his interest, but once more the culture reveals how and why reason is not always the determinant. If Hussein negotiates, it is only in order to obtain what he has declared he must have.

The alternative within the Arab order is the use of force as means of arbitration, and perhaps more by luck than judgment the U.N. military expedition fulfills this expected role. The U.N. has the authority to force Hussein by whatever means are appropriate to obey international law, no doubt also responding in kind to illegal weapons. Hussein has no claim on Kuwait—a member state of the U.N.—and must withdrawal unconditionally.

The majority of Arabs, most probably those in Iraq as well, assume that force will be used, and that Hussein will go the way of Ceausescu. To them, the U.N. is something like the Ottoman sultan, a stronger rival and the final arbiter of power. Most of them know too that contract builds a more progressive society than status, though as yet none can see their way out of the old order. Perhaps a U.N. victory will provide some such turning point.

Yet they also note that time is passing, that divisions are appearing between the members of the U.N., that talk of negotiation is in the air, and not least, that Hussein mixes bluster with cunning. Reasonably, they wait to see how the wind will blow. Should the U.N., or more precisely the United States, falter or fail for whatever reason—in other words, should Hussein be left in possession of Kuwait—then the Arab masses cannot fail to conclude that their customary order proves stronger than all others. The culture will oblige those within it to idolize Hussein as a conqueror and hero who put to shame the entire world. They will rush to do his bidding. The regimes in one Arab country after another will be unable to hold the line as their people clamor to be united on Hussein's terms. It is not intervention but failure on the part of the U.N. that will make all the anti-Western and Islamic slogans come true.

So strengthened, Hussein can then decide against whom he is next to test the expansion of his power. If there is appeasement or concession now, he can only conclude that he will certainly not be opposed once he has developed a nuclear capacity. The surprise in store then would be much more than disagreeable.

DAVID PRYCE-JONES is author of *The Closed Circle: An Interpretation of the Arabs* (Harper & Row).

How to scout out Souter.

NATURALLY RIGHT

By Jeff Rosen

When David Souter and the Senate Judiciary Committee face each other on September 13, each side is likely to follow a familiar script. Democrats will make long speeches quoting Madison and arguing that the Framers intended the Senate to ask whatever questions it likes. Republicans will counter with long speeches quoting Hamilton and arguing the opposite.

Then a Democrat will ask Souter point-blank whether he will overrule *Roe* v. *Wade*. Souter, smiling ruefully, will give a vague answer like Anthony Kennedy's: if he had a fixed view, of course he would disclose it, but since he doesn't, of course he can't. After unsuccessful attempts to smoke him out, another Democrat will ask whether he believes that the Constitution protects the right to privacy. Again, Souter will be cheerfully evasive: most lawyers believe that "liberty" includes some protection of a value called privacy, but, goodness knows, the boundaries are hard to define. Then Souter

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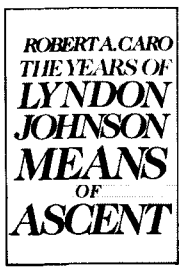

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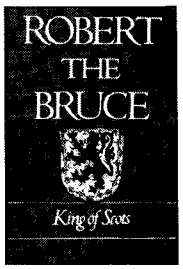

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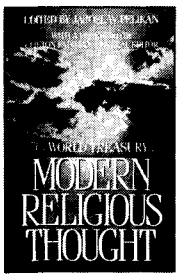

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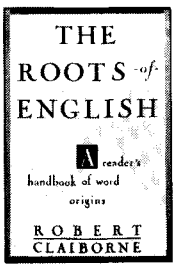

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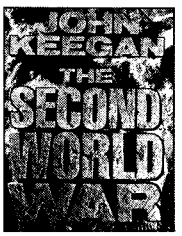

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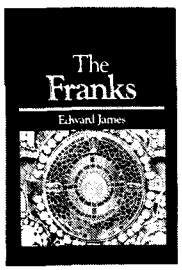

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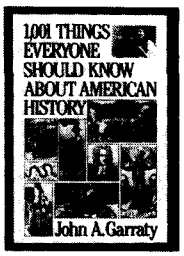

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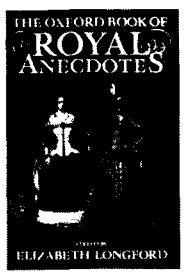

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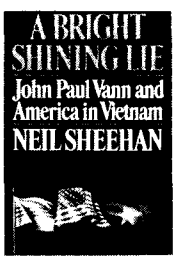

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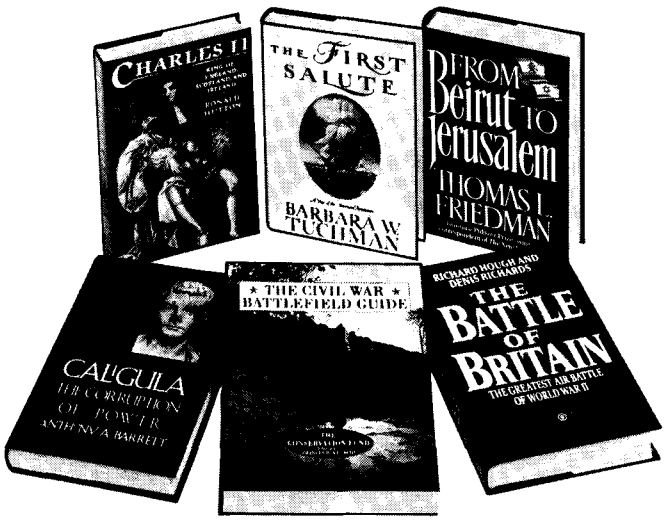

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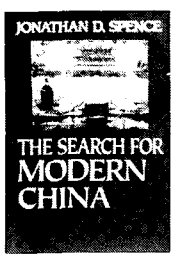

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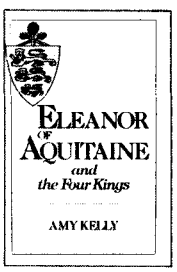

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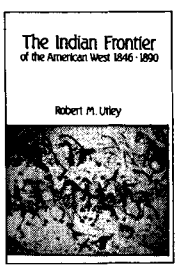

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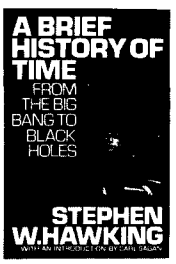

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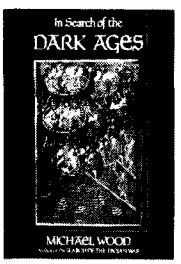

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will make reassuring noises about his respect for precedent. And he will leave the hearings as much of a cipher as he was when they began.

There is, however, a more satisfying script for Senate Democrats. If Souter is a strict constructionist, as President Bush says he is, then he must doubt that the Constitution protects the right to privacy as the Warren Court defined it. Most strict (and many not so strict) constructionists have long considered Justice William Douglas's 1966 opinion in *Griswold* v. *Connecticut* to be one of the least persuasive of the Warren era. Douglas said that the specific guarantees in the Bill of Rights have "penumbras, formed by emanations" that overlap to create a sweeping and "fundamental" right to privacy much greater than the sum of its parts.

Liberals are clinging to privacy because it was the constitutional foundation of Justice William Brennan's embattled efforts to protect abortion rights and his unsuccessful efforts to protect gay rights and the right to die. But what Senate Democrats should ask Souter is whether he can point to other constitutional guarantees more firmly rooted in constitutional text and history that might protect abortion, gays, and the terminally ill. If Souter claims, as Robert Bork did, that he hasn't thought about the question, then the Senate can summarize the leading alternatives for him and, in a Socratic spirit, ask him what he thinks. Even if Souter is not convinced by the alternatives (he may find them, frankly, off the wall), his answers would reveal more about the way he decides cases than scores of questions about *Roe* v. *Wade*.

Before abandoning the right to privacy entirely, however, senators will want to ask Souter whether it can be found not in constitutional "emanations" but in the Ninth Amendment: "The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people." Bork's line on the Ninth Amendment was weirdly contemptuous of its text and history: he said that because courts couldn't make sense of it (as if it were obscured by a blot of ink), they should ignore it altogether.

Souter can clear up Bork's historical confusion about the Ninth Amendment. Liberal and conservative scholars generally agree that it was written to recognize the existence of natural rights—that is, rights derived not from the Constitution but from the hand of God. But most scholars have assumed, with Bork, that it is impossible to identify *which* natural rights in particular the Framers intended to recognize. And the prospect of asking judges like Douglas or Bork to "discover" natural rights from the bench gives almost everyone the willies. (In 1872, for example, the Supreme Court said women couldn't be lawyers because "God designed the sexes to occupy different spheres of action.")

But it's wrong to assume that the Ninth Amendment is historically indeterminate. Madison's sources for the Bill of Rights (the state constitutions and the amendments proposed by the state ratifying conventions) show that only three groups of rights are repeatedly called natural: the individual "rights of conscience," the right of individuals to "defend life and liberty, to acquire, possess, and protect property, and to pursue and obtain happiness and safety," and the right of a majority of the people to "alter and abolish their government." These are essentially the same natural rights that Jefferson recognized in the Declaration of Independence.

The Founders' opinions about natural rights, however, shouldn't end the debate. After all, if they exist, they are a gift from God, not from the Framers. The relevant question for judges, even for strict constructionists, is whether Americans today still believe in natural rights and, if they do, which natural rights they believe in.

The possibility of a national consensus about natural rights is less wildly improbable than it sounds. In the Bork hearings Senator Joseph Biden's opening statement sparked approving calls to radio talk shows across the land. "As a child of God," Biden said, "I believe my [natural] rights are not derived from the Constitution. . . . My rights are because I exist. They were given to me and each of my fellow citizens by our Creator, and they represent the essence of human dignity."

If Souter agrees that Americans still believe in natural rights, he need look no further than the state constitutions to decide which rights Americans believe are natural. Twenty-six state constitutions today recognize the same natural rights that the Founders did. A few states have added previously unrecognized natural rights to their lists. (California recently recognized privacy as a natural right, for example.) But no state has subtracted from the Founders' list.

Here, then, is a way for Souter to construe the Ninth Amendment strictly without ignoring it entirely. Just as Justice Antonin Scalia proposes that the Supreme Court should look to past and present state constitutions as evidence of an evolving "national consensus" about what constitutes cruel and unusual punishment under the Eighth Amendment, so Souter could propose that the Court look to past and present state constitutions to help determine which rights are natural and "retained by the people" under the Ninth Amendment. Of course, many more states than California would have to recognize privacy as a natural right to form convincing evidence of a national consensus. Until that happens, Souter can explain, judges shouldn't recognize privacy as a constitutional right.

The Senate should then ask Souter about constitutional alternatives that might protect abortion rights, gay rights, and the right to die. The equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment (no state shall "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws") is the most obvious candidate. Consistent with conventional interpretation, Bork had insisted before his hearings that the clause was intended to prohibit race discrimination alone. In his eagerness to please his interrogators, he decided in the middle of his hearings that the clause protects "men, women, everybody." Bork's second position may be more consistent with original intention: the women's

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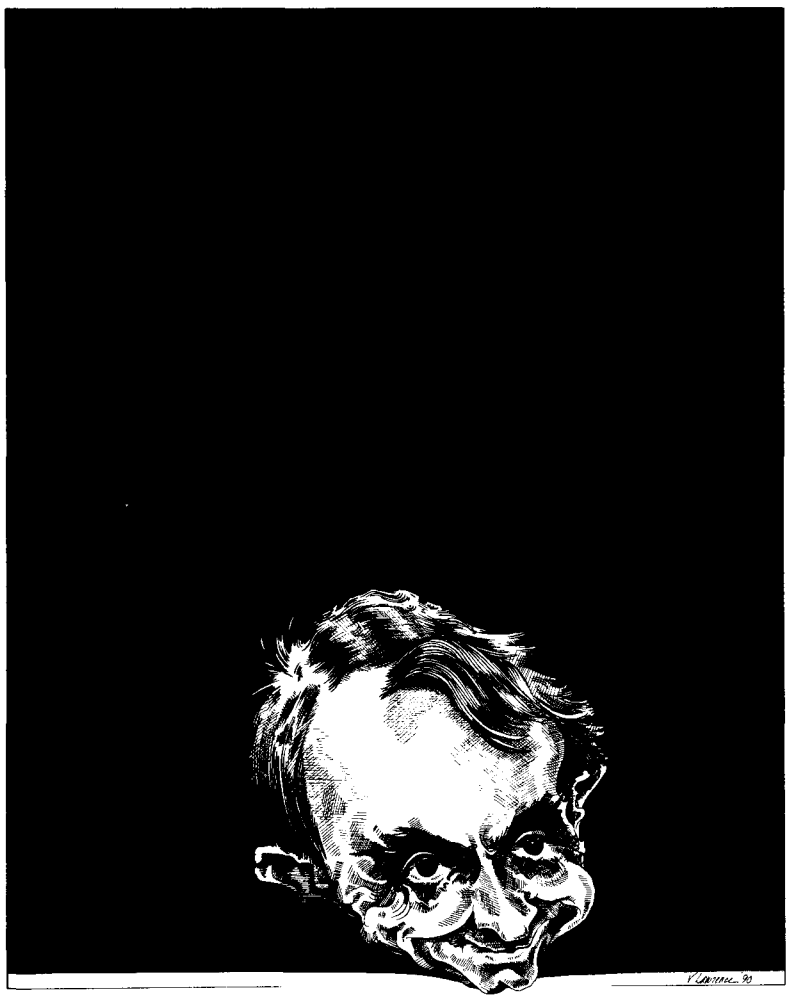
suffrage movement was organized in 1848 as an outgrowth of the abolitionist movement, and some legal historians claim that the unqualified language of the equal protection clause was deliberately intended to prohibit sex as well as race discrimination.

If Souter agrees that a strict construction of the clause protects women as well as men, then the Senate can ask him whether he thinks that it might also protect a woman's right to be free from an unwanted pregnancy. Two academic strict constructionists, Akhil Amar of Yale and Donald Regan of Michigan, have suggested that abortion rights are better conceived as a way of prohibiting the state from imposing unequal burdens on women than as a way of protecting "private" transactions between patients and doctors. The law does not require men, says Amar, to support the women they have impregnated during the course of an unwanted pregnancy. And the law does not require men, says Regan, to devote their bodies to save their children even when nothing less than a kidney transplant or a heroic rescue from a burning building would do. Even if Souter believes that *Roe* v. *Wade* was wrong to say that a constitutional right to privacy makes abortion a "fundamental" right, he still might conclude that imposing legal burdens on women but not on men denies women the equal protection of the law.



DAVID SOUTER BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Since the framers of the equal protection clause seemed determined to prohibit legal discrimination based on immutable traits (such as race or gender), then a strict constructionist might be even more willing to protect gay rights than abortion rights. State laws that have the effect of prohibiting homosexual sex but not heterosexual sex, argues Sylvia A. Law of New York University, discriminate on the basis of gender in the same way that the Jim Crow laws prohibiting blacks from marrying whites used to discriminate on the basis of race. In theory, most sodomy laws, like anti-miscegenation laws, are evenhanded (seventeen states and the District of Columbia prohibit oral and anal sex without specifying the sex of the participants), but in practice they perpetuate discriminatory stereotypes. In addition, sodomy laws tend to be enforced against homosexuals more frequently than against heterosexuals. Finally, gays are caught in a catch-22: sodomy within marriage may be constitutionally protected, but gays are forbidden to marry. At the very least, a strict constructionist might be inclined to strike down the eight state laws that prohibit homosexual but not heterosexual sodomy as a denial of equal protection of the law.

Finally, the Senate can ask Souter about the right to die. In *Cruzan* v. *Missouri Department of Health* last June, Brennan and the dissenters tried to stretch the right to privacy to include the right to die. Even if there were a constitutional right to privacy, it's hard to see the right to die as an entirely "private" matter, given the obvious conflicts of interests that can arise when a family decides to pull the plug on an incompetent ward. But the majority opinion was hardly a model of strict constructionism either: Chief Justice William Rehnquist also recognized a right to die, but he located it in the vague language of the Fourteenth Amendment's due process clause (no state shall "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law"). This, as Scalia pointed out, is precisely the same step that conservatives lambast liberals for taking in *Roe* v. *Wade*.

Strict constructionists like Amar point to a third alternative: Why not recognize the right to die under the Fourth Amendment's guarantee of "the right of the people to be secure in their persons . . . against unreasonable searches and seizures"? Historically, one of the core concerns of the Fourth Amendment was to protect people against bodily invasions, and Amar suggests that the Framers may have intended to recognize the deeply rooted common law right to refuse unwanted medical treatment. A protection against bodily seizure is even more relevant today, when it's possible, for example, to chain the terminally ill to feeding tubes heedless of

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their desires. A Fourth Amendment justification for the right to die could appeal to strict constructionists more than the fuzzy test that Rehnquist adopted: he said that judges should balance an individual's interest in refusing unwanted medical treatment against the state's "unqualified interest in the preservation of human life." But he didn't explain how an interest can be unqualified if it has to be balanced.

Even conservative senators who are squeamish about abortion rights, gay rights, and the right to die may prefer strict constructionist approaches to the subjective and unpredictable balancing tests that the Rehnquist Court has favored recently (the *Webster* abortion decision is another example). Equal protection, after all, leaves the political branches free to adopt whatever moral visions they like as long as they distribute the legal burdens evenhandedly. As for liberal senators, they may be pleased to exchange the insular banner of privacy for a standard that promises to treat minorities fairly, not merely to look the other way.

Souter, for his part, may not be persuaded by the legal arguments, and senators shouldn't hold it against him if he explains why. It will be hard, though, for him to dodge the questions entirely: tentative speculation would hardly tie his hands in actual cases once he got on the Court. If Souter refuses to answer any specific questions about abortion, gay rights, or the right to die, senators should ask broad questions like, "Do you think the equal protection clause might protect any of the rights now protected by the right to privacy?" No one should graduate from law school, let alone join the Supreme Court, without having an opinion about softball hypotheticals like this.

Merely by speculating about alternatives to the right to privacy, Souter would become less opaque than he is now. And he would help the Senate understand why his friend John Sununu was wrong to suggest that strict constructionism is always "consistent with a basic conservative outlook." •

Why our Arab friends want us to bomb Iraq.

STRIKE SUPPORTERS

By Nadav Safran

The Arab factor has been badly misunderstood in the debate about our strategic options and objectives in the Gulf. Those who advocate a strategy of siege have asserted that an assault would cause the United States to lose the precious Arab coalition that has coalesced around it, or that it would unleash a tidal wave of hostility against America that would sweep away the regimes we are trying to defend. In fact, there is no merit at all to that position. If anything, a siege strategy entails greater risks of complications.

In discussing the Arab factor, it is helpful to distinguish between the Arab publics and their governments. The disposition of the Arab publics may be inferred partly from what has happened, or failed to happen, so far. Serious pro-Iraqi or anti-American demonstrations—the kind that threaten to get out of hand and endanger public order and the government—have only taken place in Jordan. This is significant for two reasons. First, Jordan is a special case: 60 percent of its population consists of frustrated Palestinians, many of whom have lost jobs they had in Kuwait. Moreover, Jordan has extensive trade with Iraq, and King Hussein, caught on the horns of a dilemma, has publicly voiced some understanding of Iraq and has been indulgent toward the demonstrators. Second, the Jordanian exception proves that the general quiescence everywhere else is not due to the publics' failure to understand what might be up, but rather, that they are at least resigned to it. The bulk of the Arab peoples don't know much about the business of developing options. They sensibly believe that if one ruler offends another, and the other ruler brings huge forces from far away and deploys them against the first, that other ruler is going to use his forces to strike. In other words, they expect America to attack, and so they have not, thus far, followed the example of Jordan's people. They may do so, however, if there is a prolonged siege, if their governments should waver, and if Saddam Hussein's propaganda should get to them.

As for the Arab governments, there are those who have major interests at stake and those whose interests in the crisis are insubstantial or derivative. The first group includes Saudi Arabia and the Gulf emirates, Egypt, Syria, and Jordan; the second comprises all the other members of the Arab League. Within Arab councils and in the world diplomatic arena, the latter countries have so far deferred to the former group, which, except for Jordan, comprises the rich or the populous and powerful countries. The second group will probably continue to do so as long as the Saudis and their Arab supporters continue to present a united front and their own publics do not get too restless.

It is not hard to see why the directly affected Arab governments lined up with the United States. They share a common perception of the implications of Iraq's invasion of Kuwait that is uncannily close to the basic American view. They all believe that if Hussein could get away with annexing Kuwait by force, he would not only command the formidable combined oil resources of his own country and Kuwait; he would also be able to cow the Saudis and the emirates into doing his bidding, and would thus control in effect more than half the world's oil reserves and oil trade. That would give him enormous financial means, great

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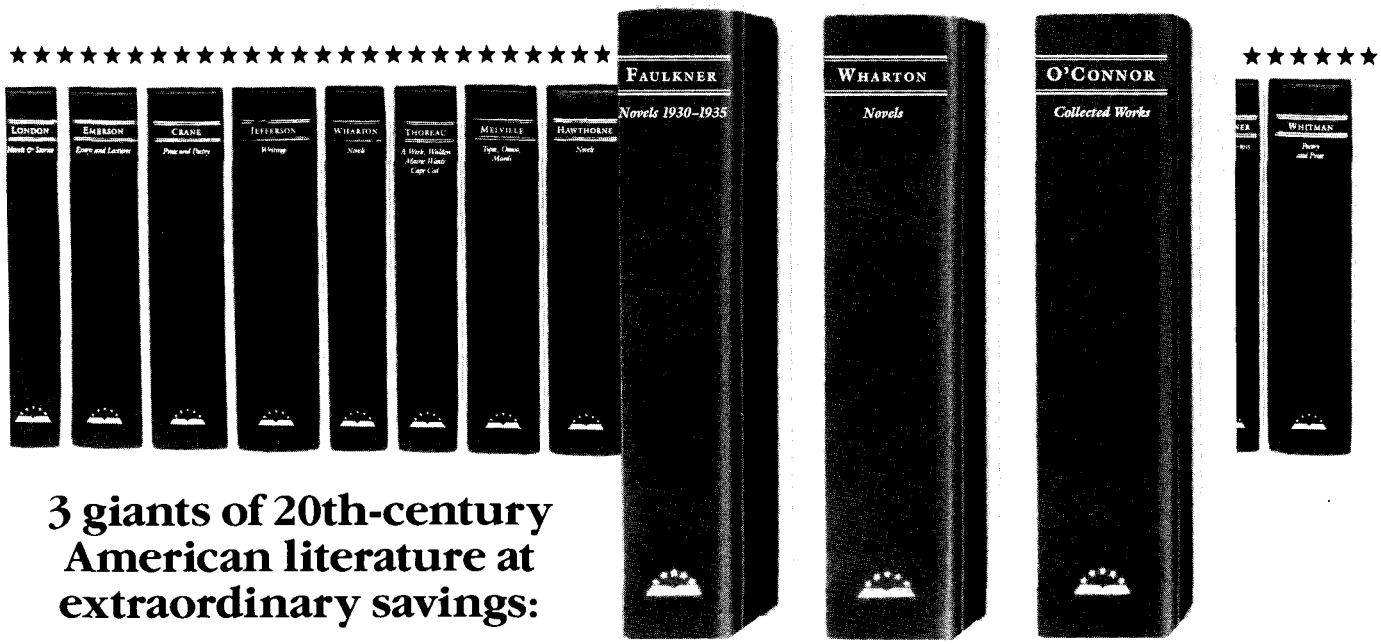

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diplomatic leverage, and vast access to instruments of military power. He would then be in a position to seek to unify or dominate the Arab countries, dictate their relations with the non-Arab countries of the region and the rest of the world, and control their fortunes and destiny.

Beyond that shared perception, the governments have particular views on the Iraqi challenge, the desirable solution, and the choice between the strategies of siege and assault. The Saudi government viewed Hussein's invasion of Kuwait as an ominous and mortal threat. The question of whether he also intended to march into Saudi Arabia is irrelevant, because the leading members of the Saudi ruling family realized that Hussein had demonstrated that he had the nerve and capability to invade, and could do so whenever he chose. The realization was particularly poignant because generations of American-advised Saudi defense planners had anticipated an invasion from Iraq through Kuwait, and had made provisions for a Saudi force to delay the invaders until friendly forces could come to the rescue. The friendly forces envisaged in those scenarios included at different times Iran (under the Shah) and various Arab countries as well as Americans. But when the Iraqi attack on Kuwait came, its suddenness, massive scale, and the speed with which it was executed demonstrated to the Saudi rulers that only American power could rescue their kingdom now and provide the deterrent against future attack or blackmail.

It follows that for the Saudis, regardless of what verbal posture they may assume, the best solution to the crisis would be for the United States to quickly destroy or drastically reduce Iraq's military capabilities, and thus eliminate its power to threaten the kingdom. Any other solution would require elaborate arrangements and necessitate a "permanent" large-scale American military presence in the region, which would be detrimental to the authority and viability of the Saudi monarchy and other Gulf ruling families. A siege may also be acceptable to the Saudis, but is less desirable. Although the decision to resort to American help was supported even by princes who formerly had opposed offers of American military aid in favor of an "Arab-oriented strategy," and although the embryonic Saudi public opinion has voiced strong support for the government, the situation could change under the stresses of siege and the prolonged presence of large numbers of culturally alien foreign forces. A prompt peace settlement that did not truncate Iraq's military power would be acceptable only if a strategy of assault were impractical, or if the pursuit of a siege were to start generating domestic unrest or inter-Arab complications.

From Egypt's point of view the best solution would be to weaken but not destroy Hussein. His quest for predominance in the Arab world has clashed with Egypt's own historical aspirations, and threatened its relationship with the United States and Israel. By organizing Arab opposition to Iraq's action, Egypt sought to ward off that challenge, gain a position in the postwar Gulf order, achieve credit with its American ally and provider of aid, and entitle itself to reward from the oil-rich Arab countries. President Hosni Mubarak would therefore prefer a negotiated settlement that would weaken Hussein by constraining him and causing him to lose face. To achieve that, Mubarak realizes a siege of limited duration may be necessary. However, he is known to mistrust the durability of the present public support for his policy. That means if a quick negotiated solution proves unattainable and it came down to a choice between prolonged, uncertain siege and promising quick assault, Mubarak would prefer the latter.

Syria's disposition is simple and clear. Because of its long history of hostility toward Iraq, predominance for Hussein means mortal danger to the Syrian regime. Assad, who for many years supported Khomeini's endeavor to hang Hussein and destroy his regime, would be delighted to see the United States and the world take over that mission and achieve it in any possible way. But although Assad is not fussy about the means that are used, he would prefer a quick assault. It is an insurance against American second thoughts and would spare him the need to keep his repressive apparatus on the alert during a prolonged siege.

Finally, Jordan already has been suffering the dangers of large-scale popular unrest, and anything that would prolong the unsettled situation would increase the threat to the regime. Were the regime to collapse, the ensuing chaos could well lead to third-party interventions that would extend the Persian Gulf armed confrontation to the Arab-Israel arena. A quick assault strategy is the only option that would avert those dangers.

Altogether, then, it seems that as far as the Arab factor is concerned, a quick assault strategy seeking to break the military power of Iraq is far more desirable than a siege or a siege-cum-negotiations strategy. It should be clearly understood, however, that by a quick assault I do *not* mean land campaigns in the desert and through marshes and thickly populated valleys. That would be even worse than a siege strategy. Rather, I mean a massive, sustained air campaign—something like Israel's 1967 air attack—that would destroy Iraq's air power, cripple its air defenses, take out other military installations, and leave Hussein's fifty divisions hopelessly exposed to demolition. That would convince the commanders of those divisions that their best chance to survive and save their men from unnecessary slaughter is to turn their guns on the man who put them in that fix. The question is: Do the U.S. forces have the skill to do it, and will their commander in chief give them the order to go?

NADAV SAFRAN is the author of *Saudi Arabia: The Ceaseless Quest for Security* (Cornell University Press).

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The cruelty and corruption of Juan Rafael Bustillo.

THE PILOT SHARK OF EL SALVADOR

By Charles Lane

Few Americans have ever heard of General Juan Rafael Bustillo, but for more than a decade he was a pillar of American foreign policy in Latin America. As the commander of El Salvador's air force, his troops received almost one-quarter of the $1 billion in military aid El Salvador has gotten from the United States since 1981. In deference to the critical role he played in the war against Salvador's leftist rebels and in aiding Nicaragua's contras, Bustillo was courted by U.S. military officers, diplomats, and CIA agents. He was even invited to George Bush's inauguration in 1989—the only Salvadoran military officer so honored.

Today, however, the once indispensable general lives in semi-retirement, dividing his time between his home in San Salvador's tightly guarded military colony, the Colonia Arce, and a discreet abode he maintains in Miami. He is no longer in command of the air force, having had a nasty falling-out with his erstwhile U.S. patrons. The air force's brutality, its corruption, and its refusal to cooperate with El Salvador's army (much less submit to civilian authority) had become extreme, even for a military known for lawless behavior.

But the problems persist after Bustillo's departure, and U.S. officials concede there's little they can do about them. The legacy of a decade of American support, it seems, is a divided, fiercely insular air force that depends on millions of U.S. dollars to function but has little use for American lectures about the rule of law. And the relationship between the United States and Bustillo's air force, and how it went sour, is emblematic of the failure of U.S. policy in El Salvador as a whole.

In the early '80s Pentagon plans to stop "Communist expansion" in El Salvador called for an infusion of planes and helicopters to offset the rebels' greater mobility in the field. The aircraft fell under the control of Bustillo, who had been picked by his fellow colonels to run the air force in 1979 because he was one of the few trained military pilots in the country, and because his military school classmates held key positions in the officer corps. Bustillo also was a man El Salvador's powerful far right could trust. A devotee of the virulent local brand of anti-communism, the terse, square-jawed military aviator effected the bearing of a Latin MacArthur. If ex-Major Roberto d'Aubuisson was the right's flamboyant hit man and rabble-rouser, Bustillo was its gray-eyed man of destiny.

From the outset, then, U.S. plans to make the air force a lynchpin of counterinsurgency were at odds with U.S. promises to isolate the right and build a moderate civilian government. Air-launched bombs, bullets, and rockets did prove more efficient at killing leftists than anything since the death squads. But at the same time, aerial attacks inevitably entailed civilian casualties, driving campesinos into the arms of the guerrillas.

Even more ominously, with U.S.-supplied aircraft and crack U.S.-trained ground forces at its command near the capital, the air force suddenly had all the tools to stage a coup by itself. The potential for such a disaster became clear in January 1983, when Bustillo threw his choppers and planes behind a mutiny led by a rightist army colonel. The colonel demanded the firing of the defense minister, General José Guillermo García, who was backed by the United States because he tolerated civilian provisional president Alvaro Magaña. In a negotiated settlement, García was removed while preserving Magaña in office; American Embassy officials later reported that Bustillo's pressure was the key factor in getting rid of García. The United States acquiesced in the deal, deeming it unwise to rock the boat at that phase of the war.

The contradictions of U.S. policy sharpened when José Napoleón Duarte, a Christian Democrat, was elected president in 1984. Duarte, the moderate, persuaded Congress to provide more military aid, including millions for the air force, on the grounds that it would help Salvador's fledgling democracy. Bustillo, meanwhile, saw Duarte as a closet Communist. Rumors of rightist coup plots involving the air force were constant during Duarte's presidency.

Once again the U.S. approach was to try to keep the air force chief happy and hope for the best. A modus vivendi was worked out: Bustillo withheld his support from rightist coup plots and was allowed a U.S.-supplied fiefdom at Ilopango free of outside interference. The air force base became "a military dictatorship," says a former Bustillo aide—complete with its own PX, sports club, pilots' academy, and officer hous-

CHARLES LANE recently returned from a three-year assignment as Central America correspondent for *Newsweek*.

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ing. Salvadoran and American officials say the general systematically co-opted or ousted his potential rivals, regardless of military merit. Pilots even sang a hymn that eulogized Bustillo by name.

Soon, though, the fine line between merely appeasing Bustillo and actively supporting him began to fade, as U.S. officials competed with each other to show the benefits of cooperating with Washington. The CIA's San Salvador station, which had been parking its helicopters at Ilopango and keeping a warehouse for its special operations there, provided money and training to elite air force ground units, according to U.S. military sources. Edwin Corr, who was U.S ambassador in San Salvador for most of Duarte's term, lent Bustillo an armor-plated luxury car from the embassy motor pool and lobbied Congress to get more helicopters for the air force. Bustillo was the only Salvadoran commander with a private counterinsurgency adviser: Felix Rodriguez, a former CIA operative in Vietnam and Latin America with close ties to then-Vice President George Bush's office; he arrived in El Salvador in early 1985.

The high point of U.S. collaboration with Bustillo came later that year, when Oliver North made Ilopango the hub of his contra resupply network. Bustillo's help, arranged through Rodriguez, was invaluable: false end-user certificates to buy arms; the expansion of an overflowing warehouse for contra weapons; air force ID cards for nineteen resupply pilots. Some 109 secret flights shuttled in and out of Ilopango, according to the congressional Iran-contra committee report.

Not only did this direct link to the White House strengthen Bustillo, it also weakened Duarte, whom the United States was ostensibly trying to bolster. When the Ilopango operation was exposed in October 1986, Duarte, who had warned U.S. officials that his government would suffer if contra aid from El Salvador were ever exposed, wanted to fire the air force commander. That would have been a breakthrough assertion of civilian authority. But the defense minister, General Carlos Eugenio Vides Casanova, objected, pointedly raising the specter of an air force revolt, a former senior Duarte aide told me.

Still, support from the United States might have encouraged Duarte to take on Bustillo. No such support was given. Ambassador Corr sat in on the meeting in which Duarte and Vides debated firing Bustillo. Duarte aides have said Corr backed Vides. Corr told me he neither urged Duarte to assert his authority and remove a right-wing menace to civilian rule nor defended the air force general whom Corr was cultivating, and who was in a position to expose Corr's government and Corr's embassy. "It was cowboy time and Bustillo was our man," says a U.S. diplomat who served in San Salvador during this period.

All the while, bad air force habits were allowed to grow worse. Bustillo irked the army by reserving choppers for the air force's own paratroop battalion, or army troops commanded by his friends. Air force ground units, especially CIA-assisted ground units, remained notorious for human rights abuses. In late 1986, for example, the body of twenty-three-year-old Nelson Rodriguez, who had been arrested by air force troops as a rebel suspect, was found, thumbs tied behind the back death-squad style. In April 1989 an air force unit ambushed a rebel field hospital, reporting nine guerrillas killed. Later foreign human rights groups found evidence that the air force men had captured, tortured, and killed five of the rebels it claimed to have killed in combat. An autopsy by a French doctor on a guerrilla nurse from France showed she had probably been raped before being killed.

Air force officers spent much of their time pursuing illicit gain. For years a Salvadoran air force DC-6 that carried pilots to training at the U.S. Howard Air Force Base in Panama returned full of contraband liquor and appliances, Salvadoran military officers say. The goods were sold on the black market, shared as patronage, or stocked in the ample air force PX. Other rackets included a fencing operation for stolen cars. A former top-level Salvadoran military officer told me that police arrested an air force captain running a car theft "gang" at the air base in 1986. The captain escaped to the United States.

There are also indications the air force ripped off the United States itself. Last year the General Accounting Office found that the Salvadoran air force had sold more than $100,000 worth of Pentagon-supplied fuel to the contra resupply network, keeping the money in apparent violation of U.S. rules. Separately, the air force sold $700,000 worth of U.S.-supplied fuel back to the United States to refuel visiting U.S. planes. Apparently that money went into an Air Force slush fund. When the GAO inquired, Bustillo said he spent it to remodel the Ilopango base; as for contra aid, he said that "Salvadoran national security interests" prevented him from answering any questions.

Even more disturbing, reports that the air force was involved in cocaine trafficking began to reach U.S. ears. Sources in the Drug Enforcement Administration told me it has confirmed long-standing rumors that air force members are involved in street-level sales of the drug within El Salvador.

The more important question is whether the air force dabbled in international drug trafficking as well. Reports that it might have done so date from at least 1986—around the time the contra resupply operation was exposed. At that time, an agent from the DEA's branch office in Guatemala City came to San Salvador, seeking access to Ilopango. Bustillo stalled, says a U.S. official with first-hand knowledge of the case. "There was never a good reason why [the DEA] couldn't get on to Ilopango," he told me. "They just kept putting off meetings, stuff like that. [The DEA] wasn't going to beat its head against the wall."

On June 21, 1988, Salvadoran army troops came upon a light plane that had run out of gas and landed near a remote hacienda on the country's Pacific coast. Police found it had been carrying almost half a ton of cocaine, worth more than $30 million. Some drugs had been offloaded and stuffed into secret compartments in a pickup truck that was discovered later. Police followed the trail

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to a warehouse on the Boulevard of the Army, in an industrial area that falls under air force security jurisdiction. Inside, they found cocaine packed in large spools of cotton yarn bound for the United States; apparently this was a large, ongoing transshipment operation.

Five weeks after the discovery of the plane, an air force lieutenant colonel, Edwin Napoleón Lazo, was shot to death. The case remains unsolved. The air force never blamed the murder on the rebels and the rebels never claimed it, though they have singled out air force officers for attack. Two officials with close ties to the military, a Salvadoran and an American, told me they believe Lazo was killed by others in the air force because he was about to blow the whistle on cocaine trafficking. Though there is no direct proof of that view, it is indirectly supported by the fact that air force officers resorted to kidnap and torture to frame two civilians for Lazo's murder.

Lazo and a friend named Juan Alexander García Prieto were killed in front of García Prieto's home near Ilopango. Court records in San Salvador show the first authorities on the scene were air force troops. They immediately produced a witness who claimed that a taxi driver named Luis Ernesto Cuellar had shot García Prieto because he owed García Prieto money. Lazo, purportedly, was an unlucky bystander. The witness was brought to court by heavily armed members of the air force who refused to give their names to the judge. But his story clashed with those of other witnesses. The judge said he fell into "a series of contradictions." Paraffin tests on Cuellar to determine if he had recently fired a gun were negative.

Shortly before Cuellar's defense attorney, Roberto Orellana, was to cross-examine the air force witness, the lawyer was kidnapped by heavily armed men, thrown face down into the back of a red Toyota pickup, then handcuffed and blindfolded. For five days, according to Orellana's sworn court testimony, he was beaten, deprived of food and sleep, threatened with death, and so tightly handcuffed that he lost all feeling in his hands. To his astonishment, the kidnappers were trying to force him to confess to helping his client kill Lazo.

Orellana was put in a secret cell—at Ilopango. He recalled hearing helicopters outside as the questions and beatings went on. Finally the door of his secret prison opened and a new questioner entered. The man, whom Orellana never saw, spoke as a superior to the others and questioned the lawyer for several minutes, without harming him. When Orellana's blindfold was removed later in a different room, a guard told him his mystery interrogator had been Bustillo.

The court records include a letter to the National Police from Major Roberto Antonio Leiva Jacobo of the air force intelligence unit, S-2. (S-2 operated an "infamous" red Toyota pickup, a U.S. military officer told me.) Citing orders from Bustillo, the major said he was sending Orellana to the police as a suspect in Lazo's death. Though it is not clear how involved Bustillo was in the affair, at a minimum he wasn't fazed by the brutalized condition of his men's captive.

Eventually a judge dismissed the charges and both Cuellar and Orellana were released. A friend of Cuellar's told me that he fled to asylum in Australia; Orellana stayed in Salvador. Neither the air force nor anyone else has investigated the Lazo murder since the trumped-up case fell apart. Nor have the authorities looked into the apparent frame-up. As for the drug plane, three Salvadorans arrested as suspected smugglers, one of whom is rumored to be related to a former top army officer, have all gone free: two were ordered released by a judge who was later disbarred for taking a bribe to release a gang of kidnappers with ties to rightist death squads; the third walked using a forged release order.

A few months after Lazo's death, Bustillo asked the U.S. Embassy if the DEA would check out the drug rumors swirling around his men. DEA agents in the region were wary of this change of heart, according to U.S. officials. At the time Bustillo was bidding to become minister of defense; the agents thought he had to know what was going on at his base and just wanted to curry American favor for his campaign. "It was all a show for the embassy's benefit," says an official sympathetic to the DEA's view. But William G. Walker, the new U.S. ambassador in San Salvador, agreed to the idea, deciding it would be even riskier to let Bustillo say he had spurned his offer.

The DEA report, according to U.S. officials who have seen it, contained strong leads on air force drug smuggling, but not conclusive proof. Much of the report apparently came from sources within the air force itself. The document named Colonel Manfredo Koenigsberg, then director of the air force pilots' academy, as a key figure in alleged transshipment.

Koenigsberg had run S-2 in the early '80s, when the secret jails at Ilopango were a route to "disappearance" for perhaps hundreds of Salvadorans. Christian Democratic Party officials say that in 1981 bodyguards for Antonio Morales Ehrlich, the Christian Democratic head of the U.S.-supported land reform, caught Koenigsberg waiting outside Morales Ehrlich's house carrying a gun. He also commanded civil defense groups that enforce security in barrios around Ilopango, including the industrial area on the Boulevard of the Army, and he maintained close ties to S-2. He supervised the air force DC-6 shopping trips to Panama, sometimes flying the plane himself.

After El Salvador's presidential elections in March 1989 U.S. officials briefed Bustillo on the DEA report. At that point, U.S. officials told me, Bustillo tried to fire Koenigsberg. Reportedly he made his accusation directly to Vides, still defense minister at the time. But Koenigsberg insisted on his innocence, and for reasons that are still unclear, Vides took no action. Apparently Koenigsberg was one of the few Salvadorans who could cross Bustillo and survive, perhaps because he was on good terms with Colonel René Emilio Ponce, the army chief of staff who was Bustillo's

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rival for the defense minister post.

Bustillo's bid for defense minister, a job that would have given him overall control of the armed forces, was a joint project with d'Aubuisson and other hardline leaders of the right-wing Nationalist Republican Alliance (ARENA). D'Aubuisson got Cristiani, the new president, to promise Bustillo the job. Bustillo had a strong claim: he was the senior officer on active duty. The right wing had won at the polls, seemingly validating his worldview. And he had always been able to deal with the United States.

But George Bush had replaced Ronald Reagan, and U.S. interests in Salvador had begun to diverge from Bustillo's interests. Bush inherited a collapsed center, a resurgent right, increased guerrilla activity, and a rising number of human rights abuses by the military. With the cold war ending, the new administration's plan for the El Salvador mess was to keep it on the back burner. So when U.S. officials learned that Bustillo's choices for two vice minister slots were far rightists who had been exiled for human rights violations at U.S. request, they feared the reaction in Congress.

Suddenly all the air force misdeeds that U.S. officials had rationalized earlier were coming back to haunt U.S. policy. The United States began urging Cristiani to name Bustillo's army rival, Colonel Ponce, instead. The air force lashed out. An air force officer threatened the life of Colonel Milton Menjivar, the top U.S. military adviser in El Salvador. On May 24, 1989, a week before Cristiani was sworn in, air force jets buzzed a ceremony at army headquarters—drowning out a speech by Vides. As another protest, the air force withdrew its helicopters from combat for two days. The army responded by threatening the air force.

In the end, however, Bustillo couldn't win against both the United States and the army. But before he left, he exacted concessions. Ponce was denied the defense ministry; it went instead to a caretaker, General Rafael Humberto Larios. (Ponce finally got the job this month.) General Rafael Villamariona, groomed by Bustillo as a hand-picked successor, was installed as commander of the air force. Bustillo stayed at Ilopango for two months after January 1, when his transfer to his new post, military attaché in Israel, supposedly took effect. It is understood that he will never have to set foot in Israel if he doesn't want to.

The end of Bustillo's decade of U.S.-indulged total dominance of the air force has prompted a fierce power struggle. One contender is Lieutenant Colonel Juan Antonio Martínez Varela, an ultrarightist protégé of Bustillo. He is believed to have piloted one of the planes that buzzed Vides's speech. Another contender is Koenigsberg, who was recently promoted to full colonel. Guns were reportedly drawn and fired in the air when Koenigsberg's supporters and Martínez Varela's people met at a recent party in San Salvador. The free-for-all threatens a branch of the armed forces upon which the government will have to rely if, as expected, the current round of stalled peace talks gives way to a new fall offensive by the rebels. But the United States has virtually no say in the matter, because of lingering bad blood over the way Bustillo was treated.

The issue of drug dealing, and what Bustillo might have known about it, was left unresolved. Earlier this year Koenigsberg told the United States either to prove its suspicions or shut up. He said he would take a lie detector test, so the U.S. Embassy brought two DEA lie detector specialists to San Salvador. The tests showed Koenigsberg was telling the truth when he denied dealing drugs.

Of course, the record of U.S.-run lie detector tests in El Salvador is mixed. In the case of the six Jesuit priests murdered last November by army troops, a lie detector test given the priests' maid by FBI agents in Miami showed she was lying when she recalled seeing soldiers at the scene of the crime. She was, of course, being truthful. Koenigsberg told me he wasn't asked anything about either the drug-laden 1988 plane or the Lazo killing. (He says he has no knowledge of either matter.) Not surprisingly, Koenigsberg is telling anyone in San Salvador who will listen that he has a clean bill of health from the U.S. government.

U.S. officials in San Salvador aren't sure what to believe. Was Bustillo really in the dark about drugs? Or was he trying to use the DEA to pin the blame on Koenigsberg and ease his campaign for minister of defense? Or is Koenigsberg really a drug smuggler, as many U.S. and Salvadoran officials said he is, but cool enough to brazen out general questions on a polygraph test? Perhaps the main point is that, whatever the truth, the United States is in no position to find it. The United States got just close enough to the air force to be tarred by its abuses, but not so close that it could trust officers to tell U.S. officials the truth—though given the see-no-evil attitude of many of those officials in the past, air force officers could perhaps be forgiven for wondering if the truth was really what they wanted to hear.

Bustillo didn't respond to a request, communicated to him by Salvadoran officials, for an interview. If he had spoken, he might well have said he feels betrayed by the U.S. government. Who could blame him? For ten years the United States had no qualms about using him and the force he commanded in its wars against communism in Central America. Then it got all huffy. There are many other military commanders in El Salvador who could, and do, make the same argument, when the United States starts challenging their human rights performance or personal probity. This is a principal reason the United States can't get to the bottom of the Jesuits' massacre or root out military corruption. In its pursuit of an elusive military victory, the United States tolerated so much military crime that U.S. claims of good intentions have lost credibility. Now, for the first time, it seems likely that Congress will cut military aid as punishment for killing the Jesuits, and the Bush administration may well go along. The move could send the Salvadoran armed forces a message they have long needed to hear—if it isn't already too late. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Grim Fairy Tale

David Lynch wastes no time in setting the tone of his new film *Wild at Heart* (Samuel Goldwyn). In the first scene Nicolas Cage, the hero—a term I use loosely—gets in a quarrel with a man at a dance hall and beats his head against the floor until his skull cracks and the brains ooze out. (The victim is a black man.) The story then intensifies.

Lynch wrote the screenplay from a novel by Barry Gifford and combines his versions of two familiar patterns: reckless lovers on the road as per *Bonnie and Clyde*, having fun before they run out of time and space; and *The Wizard of Oz*, as evidenced by references to the yellow brick road and brief appearances by the Wicked Witch and Glinda the Good Witch. The contradiction between these two basic stories is mainline Lynch. The contradiction is celebrated at the end when, after plentiful soakings in the grotesque, the film finishes in pure musical comedy.

Cage and his girlfriend, played by Laura Dern, love each other in North Carolina. After the opening fight, he serves a two-years-plus term for manslaughter and comes out to find that Dern has been waiting faithfully; despite her mother's loud objections, she is going to rejoin him. The mother, played by Dern's real-life mother, Diane Ladd, loathes the idea of the union. (There's a fleeting hint of her own interest in Cage.) The young lovers flee, and she sends in pursuit, first, her wimpy boyfriend who is a private eye, then a mobster, another boyfriend, with orders to kill Cage.

As the fleeing pair move on to New Orleans and to Texas, some of the people they encounter are: Isabella Rossellini, in a deliberately phony blond wig, as a hit man's moll, and Willem Dafoe, with repellent false teeth, as a sleazy, womanizing hood. (The film's most memorable scene is in a motel room where Dafoe heats the reluctant Dern to the point of submission, then gloatingly walks away from her.) Also some spherically fat women in the nude. Also a hooker with a brace on her leg and a cane.

A few of the incidents along the way: several auto accidents, whose gory results the lovers see; a severed head bouncing around; a dog running off with a human hand in its mouth (taken from Kurosawa's *Yojimbo*?); a flashback of Dern having an abortion a few years earlier; vomit. (Dern becomes pregnant, throws up in the motel room where she and Cage are staying for some days, and the mess is simply left there.)

Recurrent through the film is fire, sometimes in sheets of flame between shots, sometimes in matches struck close-up, sometimes in the figure of a man completely ablaze running around a house in agony. Eventually we learn that the man is Dern's father, who either immolated himself or was cremated alive by his wife and her lover. Also interwoven are shots of the younger Dern and her father's business partner just after he has violated her (presumably the cause of her abortion). These two strands, father and violator, are possibly supposed to explain, in some Oedipal way, why Dern is as she is. But in desires and outlook, she doesn't seem any different from Cage, about whose background we learn virtually nil.

Soon it's clear that these attempts at the deepening of Dern's character are not there for that purpose at all: character, in anything more than a poster-image of this person or that, is not the business of this film. The two lovers never grow to mean anything to us as people. Those background details are there simply because they give Lynch an added chance to load his film with more luridness, more mockery of "good taste."

But luridness is not his only decor, his only mockery. There is also the saccharine, the Oz trail. He says he is intent on showing us the underbelly of American life. Possibly. He's certainly interested in showing us the American sweet tooth. Besides the fairy-tale touches of the two witches, he ends the film with a reunion of the lovers—who have been parted by another of Cage's jail terms—climbing onto the hood of a car in the middle of a traffic jam and singing a duet. Both the gore and the goo, Lynch apparently is saying, are artificial, are products of a pop culture that distorts our understanding of experience.

One curious point, especially notable in a writer-director of the pointedly outrageous. We frequently observe Cage and Dern in bed, copulating furiously, always in positions that would make it possible for us to see the joining of their genitals. But in each case a sheet is draped over that place. Question: Who draped the sheet? The Cage and Dern characters, themselves not wanting to see the junction? Or Lynch? Perhaps as another convolution of ironic humor. Or perhaps in anticipation of censorship

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Ariel. *A really black comedy, taciturn and deep, about injustice and bad luck. From, of all places, Finland. An impressive introduction to the director-author, Aki Kaurismäki. (Reviewed 8/20&27/90)* **Cinema Paradiso.** *Still playing and still purveying the rich flavors of a Sicilian boy's life growing up with the town film theater as his real nurture. (2/19/90)* **Pretty Woman.** *Julia Roberts stakes a claim to old-fashioned stardom in this new twist on the Pygmalion myth—an LA hooker and a visiting tycoon, Richard Gere. Very pleasant piffle. (4/16/90)* **Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!** *Amusing sizzle in this comedy-romance about a Madrid porn star and the adoring fan who abducts her. Pedro Almodóvar at his near-best. (5/14/90)* **—SK**

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problems, which would be still another kind of ironic humor since he didn't bother to mask the bouncing head.

Dern's performance is more a triumph of casting than of acting. As a wanton, passionate twenty-year-old, she seems most of the time an early teenager pretending to be grown-up. This isn't a bad effect for the role. Cage is dreadful. He is unbelievable both as a cause of passion in others or a source of it in himself. His outbursts of violence merely mark the page of the script where he was ordered to be violent. Someone like a young Brando or Nicholson was needed; if that's a pipe dream, surely they didn't have to settle for a supermarket delivery boy, which is all that Cage suggests here.

The best performance, the only one that can really be called acting, is Diane Ladd's as the mother. Ladd gives us a woman full of self-pity and shrewdness, full of sexual experience and guile, who has now reached the age when, if she wants to, she can turn off sexual heat in favor of cold power drive. Granted that Ladd has the only really developed character in the screenplay: she gives it everything. That cult favorite, Harry Dean Stanton, mooches along through the role of the private eye. Dafoe manages a touch of real revulsion under his make-up-artist's ugliness. Rossellini is, as usual, the weakest in the cast.

Lynch's last film, *Blue Velvet*, and the two episodes I saw of *Twin Peaks*, in which he had a hand, left me feeling that he is much less interested in revealing the underbelly of American life than he is in selling coolness to those who are hungry for distance from the exploitations of American media. "Let me make you cool," Lynch seems to be saying. "My films and TV will help you to see *through* other films and TV." But he never quite reaches the needed perspective. Films like *Ariel* by Aki Kaurismäki or those of Jim Jarmusch view our various desolations and the media's handling of them differently—with clarity and completeness. Lynch seems to stagger from datum to datum. More: unlike those two directors, he seems to enjoy being stuck among the data. •

The spiritual confusions of American Catholicism.

Incense and Sensibility

BY ANDREW SULLIVAN

The 5:30 p.m. Sunday service at St. Matthew's Cathedral in Washington is occasionally referred to as the hangover mass. Part of its rationale is to cater to those whose Saturday nights make Sunday morning worship intermittently problematic. It is also what is known as a folk mass, a service in which the choral parts are rendered in guitar music circa 1972. The combination of these two characteristics often makes for an exquisite fifty minutes. It is a quintessentially Catholic occasion: a little self-deprecating, socially diverse, occasionally moving, spoiled only by the croaks of the congregation and the strains of a rap station picked up from time to time on the cathedral's public address system. It is also an American occasion. A diminutive Filipino couple bows low to present the eucharistic offering, a black family sprawls three rows from the front, a bevy of Hispanic matrons glower on the way to communion, a man in a dark suit and thick glasses genuflects with precision in the sanctuary, a pair of twenty-year-olds in T-shirts and jeans hold hands, the clipped haircuts and starched polo shirts of Washington's gay men make their way to the altar.

I mention this occasion because in most discussions of contemporary American Catholicism it is easy to lose sight of what, for most Americans, Catholicism actually is. For most American Catholics, *this* is what it is. The spirit intensifies in moments such as this one, hovering between sanctity and absurdity at a quarter to six on a Sunday afternoon. Catholicism for most Catholics, and perhaps especially in America, is a concrete experience in a concrete place. It is a sensibility as much as it is a revelation.

The Catholic Myth
by Andrew Greeley
(Scribners, 320 pp., $21.95)

Tomorrow's Catholics, Yesterday's Church
by Eugene Kennedy
(Harper San Francisco, 208 pp., $9.95)

The Catechism for the Universal Church
(draft, *sub secreto*, Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, 421 pp.)

Certainly any analysis of contemporary American Catholicism that ignores this fact will ignore much of what is interesting, and almost all of what is communicable, about it. It is difficult, in any case, to know where else to begin. An account of American Catholicism must be based on observation, since the social and theological fracturing of the Church in the last few decades makes any deduction from first principles largely irrelevant. Put simply, there are no first principles left, at least not social ones. Unlike their counterparts elsewhere, American Catholics have never had a simple national identity upon which to rely; here the Church was not forged out of government patronage or government oppression. The different ethnic traditions hail from distinctly different cultures, and are still being transformed by further immigration and assimilation. Class cuts through the pews as effectively as race. Catholic schools are in decline, so that even the ties of a common childhood no longer bind. As secularism, rather than Protestantism, becomes the official national creed, even minority status no longer holds the same power it did for the John F. Kennedy generation. And politics no longer helps, either: the Democratic affiliation has faded for Catholics, too.

To understand this chaos, there are few better strategies than seeing it in practice. This is easier said than done. In my old Boston neighborhood, I could walk to a radical Jesuit community that had gutted a beautiful church in the name of doctrinal purity; to a fledgling black congregation headed by a white priest (as many black Catholic congregations are) and besieged by the Roxbury underclass; to a Spanish-speaking community meeting in the vault of a vast cathedral; and to a 1950s-style mass factory that could get you through your Sunday obligation in twenty Irish minutes. Which of these, one is forced to ask, is the authentic face of American Catholicism? And how would one begin to choose?

What used to give it all a semblance of coherence, of course, was a uniform liturgy. Once upon a decade, Catholicism had one official language and one set of practices and services. The Latin mass was familiar anywhere in the world. The Church, as the creed has it, was not merely *unam, sanctam, catholicam*, it was seen and felt to be. Practices such as the rosary, the Stations of the Cross, the veneration of Our Lady, the personal confessional, votive prayers and candles, even favorite hymns, provided a kind of

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web of familiarity that helped concentrate the communion. The Second Vatican Council took most of that away. Now, there is a kind of glorious mess: public confessions, new hymnbooks, dance worship, healing services, lay preaching, spontaneous prayer in the mass, even videos. Most non-Catholics are oblivious to all this, still imagining the rites that were abandoned years ago. But for practicing Catholics, the abandonment of old-style uniformity—of that most Catholic of ideas, ritual—is increasingly complete.

It is difficult to convey quite how dramatic a change this has been; but take something as simple and as central as the reception of the host at communion. It was once uniformly given by a priest into the mouth of the kneeling layperson, who was instructed to let it slowly melt on the tongue, as a sign of reverence for the real presence of Christ that it contained. Now it can be received in the hand or in the mouth, standing or kneeling, accompanied by alcoholic or non-alcoholic wine or consumed alone, chewed or swallowed. The person administering it can be a priest or your landlord, at the altar or at your seat, and the bread can be the traditional host, pita bread, or whole-wheat crusts. These are small things—if ritual can ever, for Catholics, be a small thing—but they were enough to start revolutions in sixteenth-century Europe, and today serve to separate what they once brought together.

And the fracturing liturgy is merely a symbol of fracturing theology. Here, too, the Second Vatican Council's opening to the world, its reform of the notion of authority to include the pope, the bishops, and the laity as a whole, has led to a flood of improvisation. Most non-Catholic attention is focused on sexual matters, but perhaps more important for the faithful is the shifting emphasis from parish to parish and priest to priest on the fundamentals of the faith: the balance of fact and metaphor in scriptural interpretation, the shift from the sacrament of confession to the dominant role of the Eucharist, notions of social responsibility, of community-based worship, of scriptural rather than theological catechism, of obligation to the poor, witness to the unborn, the old, and the emergence of both charismatic and old-style devotional traditions. If you were to seek Catholicism today as a refuge from the bewildering diversity and confusion of modern culture, you would be sorely disappointed. When the Second Vatican Council invited the world into the faith, it may not have anticipated how eagerly the world would respond to the invitation.

American Catholicism, in short, has been fractured simultaneously from above and from below. The most striking fact about today's Catholics is the enormous difficulty in saying anything general about them. But the next most striking thing about the contemporary American Church is that the confusion and the diversity are clearly less the consequence of decadence than of growth. The reform from above was a self-conscious act of self-confidence in the face of modernity. The reform from below has been premised on a startling revival of commitment to religious faith and engagement in secular society, which many commentators have chosen to ignore. The strength of Eugene Kennedy's and Andrew Greeley's attempts to measure the state of the American Catholic communion is that they recognize this phenomenon.

Greeley documents it with an impressive array of social science statistics. A few of the more surprising ones are: the rate of church attendance, after a steep drop in the late 1960s, has been stable since the mid-1970s; since 1960 there has been no rise in the number of born Catholics subsequently leaving the Church; nor has there been any increase in mixed marriages (76 percent of Catholics still marry Catholics). On average, American Catholics are 14 percent wealthier than American Protestants, and are marginally more likely to have attended college. Wealthy, professional Catholics have a distinct financial edge over their Protestant counterparts and are more likely to be devout than working-class Catholics. Catholics born after 1960 are marginally more devout than their parents.

To the outsider, and to many insiders, this may seem a surprising array of statistics, but for the most part these results, based on unimpeachable research, strike strong chords with Catholic experience. The churches are often full, and the commitment from the laity seems as strong as before, if not stronger. Catholics have clearly become more successful in American society than even they are willing to credit—a sign perhaps that the assimilation is so complete that it can be taken for granted. There is also a Catholic lay elite as powerful and articulate as that of any other denomination, an elite that is increasingly the envy of the clergy.

Greeley's real insight is that Catholics have remained in the Church despite their differences with it, and despite the upheaval of the past twenty years, by dint of something he calls the "sacramental imagination," a term coined by the theologian David Tracy. Put simply, it refers to the way in which Catholics tend to be unexpectedly at ease in the world. There is a sensibility, Greeley argues, that enables Catholics to relax in their faith, to see the world as more benign than others do, to trust in God and in their fellow sinners without a constant sense of inadequacy or desperation. At times this amounts, in Greeley's view, to blandness and sentimentality. But his focus on the cultural comfort of Catholics, both in response to the world and to what lies beyond it, is a handy analytic tool. It helps to explain how Catholics manage to live with the odd disjunctions between their modern lives and the Church's ancient teachings, most especially in the matter of sex.

Kennedy argues from completely different premises, but his argument is strikingly similar. Even his vocabulary is the same. He focuses on "the sacramental thrust of Catholicism as the agent of freedom, rather than only of control, for all that is profoundly human." This sensibility, however, is not, for Kennedy, rooted in any complicated story about Catholic culture, but in an account of universal culture, which is entering an era of unhierarchical, communal bliss: "We not only sense the earth's unity with the universe but our own unity with each other. We are part of the astounding mystery of belonging." There is a good deal of Joseph Campbell in Kennedy's euphoria. He seems dead to the tension between Campbell's celebration of myth and the Catholic tradition; for Kennedy, the two are parts of the same vision, the "new age" an essentially Catholic one, in which the Church will come into its inheritance.

All this talk of sacramental comfort may sound strange to those who instinctively associate the word "Catholic" with the word "guilt." Still, for the most part it rings surprisingly true. Any Catholic will instinctively recognize, if not so swiftly endorse, the easy sensibility that Greeley and Kennedy describe. Catholic guilt exists, to be sure; but, as Greeley gently reminds us, it has always been overlaid with an optimism that in practice rescues Catholics from the anguish of other denominations. Catholics, as their critics have observed, are the Christians least perturbed by the practice of constant confession. Admitting the constancy of sin and the frailty of nature is often, for Catholics, the first step to overcoming them. Greeley is surely right to see in this paradox some of the explanation for Americans' loyalty to their Church.

But the difficulty with Kennedy's and Greeley's conclusion is not that it isn't

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true, but that it doesn't take us very far. For both, the essence of the faith for believing Catholics is a sensibility, and the problem is that the hierarchy doesn't share the sensibility. Most troubles of the American Church would be solved, they argue, if the hierarchy acceded to the tolerant culture that it presides over. Unfortunately, sensibility is a more limited thing than Greeley and Kennedy allow. It is a paltry substitute for divine truth. As Newman wrote, we cannot be "amused into immortality." And sensibility begs almost all the difficult theological questions: the role of women, the meaning of the priesthood, the limits to sex. Kennedy or Greeley do not even begin to tackle the tough theological and scriptural argument from which any solution of these questions will have to emerge. Nor do they ever address the more immediate problem of how a sensibility can be a guide to theology in the first place. They are trapped theologically in their cultural empiricism.

It is also crudely simplistic to argue, as they do, that the hierarchy is largely hostile to lay sensibility and intolerant of it. Greeley describes the hierarchy as "an overage, overweight, slightly punch-drunk linebacker," and goes on: "Perhaps never before in human religious history have such glorious opportunities been wasted by cowardice and ambition (in the hierarchy), by mediocrity, self-pity, and envy (in the clergy), and irresponsibility and amateurism (in the intelligentsia)." Kennedy is even more vicious: "There is no mistaking their [Church officials'] real intentions when they seek the unconscious erotic rewards of domination over other persons as a substitute for healthy heterosexual relationships in their own lives."

Those are stereotypes. The deeper problem is not that there is a conflict between the sensibility of believing Catholics and the sensibility of the hierarchy: obviously there are tensions involved in the relations of authority in the Church, and some divergence of view between clerics and laypeople, most particularly between the clerics in the Curia and laypeople. But both are besieged by the same world, and both are divided among themselves over how to respond to it. Both also partake of the sacramental imagination, which is not the exclusive property of the laity, nor even, as occasionally Kennedy implies, of the liberal laity. The real dilemma, the shared one, is how to transform this imagination into a faith, how to mix the ease of Catholics in the world with the absence of ease that is a condition for spiritual growth. And in this task, the sensibility that Greeley and Kennedy admire may be as much

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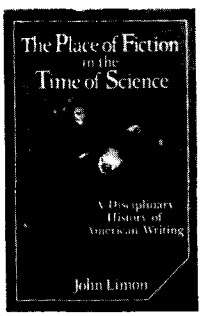

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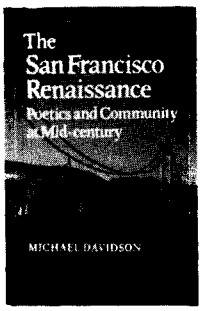

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a curse as a blessing.

Greeley and Kennedy may be acute in understanding how Catholics are Catholics, but they do not help very much in seeing why Catholics are Catholics. Occasionally Greeley suggests the benefits of "a valuable relationship network," or the comfort of "story-telling communities" that are churches. At one point he writes, in one of his more spectacular forays into the jargon of social science: "Let us consider next the schedule of benefits a person faces when considering a decision to affiliate with a religious tradition in the middle-twenties phase of the life cycle." (Who would not prefer Latin to *that*?) It is as if Greeley has never heard of something called faith, chosen for its truth, maintained even if it means destroying every "story-telling community" and "valuable relationship network" in the world. Kennedy is even further from this idea: a good Campbellite, all the truths of faith are for him myth or metaphor. Indeed, everything for Kennedy is something called "mystery," which is not something we confront at the end of the struggle for understanding, but something we embrace so that we may never understand.

This view amounts to saying that religion is the same as sensibility, that its way of life determines its beliefs, that the content of faith is derived not transcendentally but immanently. There is, to be sure, an enormous amount to be gained from such a view; as the Second Vatican Council understood, a faith divorced from the world in which it lives is inaccessible to the human being it is supposed to save. And, strictly speaking, a completely ahistorical and acultural faith not only should not exist, it cannot exist. And yet Catholicism has always affirmed something else: a particular historical revelation, a concrete event that delivered truth, that is, the Incarnation of Christ, and an apostolic authority appointed to be that truth's ultimate interpreter. It is supported by culture; it is given life by sensibility; but its source of authority is beyond culture and sensibility, beyond even mystery. For Catholics, sacramental imagination is never enough, without the recognition of the external grace and authority that make a sacrament possible.

More fatally, a Church that capitulated to the demands of sensibility would be forced to destroy the sensibility itself. This perhaps is where Kennedy and Greeley are most egregious. The Catholic sensibility is indeed tolerant, sometimes worldly, open, and compassionate. At its best, it springs from a southern European humanism, alive to the alienation that is a source of most human spirituality. But it also springs from a tension with that alienation. In some respects, it is nothing but a response to it, to that other face of Catholicism: awe and depth, fear and obedience, the stubborn clinging to what we know in the face of what we don't. Without this difficulty with the world, the ease with the world becomes little more than smugness, even complicity.

It should be possible, in other words, both to affirm the current vitality of the Church and yet also be concerned by its bewildering incoherence, to appreciate the Catholic sensibility and yet long for its confrontation with doctrine. This is not the same as arguing that all disputes within the Church should be silenced, that we should not disagree about women priests, divorce, premarital sex, homosexuality, the place of Mary, the authority of the hierarchy, and so on. It is merely to argue that the only way to seek coherence in this debate is to accept the notion of revealed truth, which, though flexible at various levels, must cohere at the top. Obedience is as central to Catholicism's survival as sensibility. They do not deny each other, as both radicals and some of the more authoritarian Church hierarchs seem to believe. In fact, they call each other forth.

This is, of course, more easily stated than lived. Lifestyle and transcendence are not natural partners, and it would be as gross a simplification as Greeley's and Kennedy's to suggest that they are. There is no certainty, for example, that the way of Christ we think we are following with someone we love outside marriage is, in fact, the way of Christ. Equally, there is rarely security in the knowledge that mere submission to revealed rules, or even to revealed truths, is enough, if we are to take the challenge of the Gospel seriously. Most Catholics are caught somewhere in between these two poles, and it is not a contradiction that can be glibly resolved. It is often a painful, even frightening, suspension.

There are elements of the new universal catechism, recently issued in draft form and in considerable (but failed) secrecy by the Vatican, that seem to be as blind to this dynamic as Kennedy and Greeley. The document is a guide for bishops and priests in teaching the essentials of the Catholic faith, a source book for the transmission of tradition. As such, it would be hard to overstate its significance. The last comprehensive attempt at such a project was in 1566, in the wake of the Reformation. This new attempt was suggested by an American, Bernard Cardinal Law, at the synod held in Rome in 1985 to reconsider the effects of the Second Vatican Council, and is obviously inspired by the need to provide doctrinal order in the confusion unleashed by Vatican II. It could feasibly set the terms of debate and teaching, as its predecessor did, for a good part of the next millennium.

For those whose hackles rise at his name, the bad news is that the document has Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger written all over it. Augustine is quoted more than Aquinas. The most recent theologian cited is Newman. There are more citations from saints than from theologians, more quotes from ancients than from moderns. The language is relentlessly old-fashioned, and sexist. Sin takes up more space than many of the virtues. The Ten Commandments, rather than the Beatitudes, are the basis for its teaching about the moral life; angels are discussed at greater length than other more central parts of the faith; hell gets more space than heaven. At times, assertion overtakes even any pretense at argument: "The Lord Jesus chose men to make up the college of the twelve apostles and the apostles did the same when they chose their successors. . . . The Church, listening to her Master, recognizes that she is bound for ever by this choice made by the Lord Himself."

Critics have assailed the document for these and other reasons. Some "liberals," urging a greater faith in the kind of sensibility admired by Greeley and Kennedy, have questioned the need for any authoritative statement of this kind, and have seen the move as yet another attempt by Rome to rein in the vital American Church. More subtle attacks have compared the new catechism unfavorably with the Roman Catechism of 1566, arguing that it has relegated the Lord's Prayer to an afterthought, that it is clumsy in tone and substance, that it is repetitive and too concerned with doctrine to convey adequately the Church's teaching about the way of life required in modernity. Subtler criticisms have complained that it has tried unsuccessfully to combine two traditions—doctrinal and practical catechesis—and ended up slighting both.

These are important accusations, and it will be interesting to see how the final document manages to incorporate some of the more powerful criticisms, most particularly on sexist language and on the balance between the Beatitudes and the Commandments. It is, indeed, at times an unwieldy document, maneuvering clumsily between theological distinctions and practical advice. But in the barrage of critical analysis it has not been adequately pointed out that, like much of Ratzinger's theological writing, the doc-

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ument is also at times beautiful and captivating. The order and the tone of the document evoke something of the holistic purity of Catholicism, which is surely one of its more attractive features. And, unlike almost all contemporary theology, the text is remarkably jargon-free and accessible.

Reading it is an evolutionary experience. At first the language jars, as another form of discourse makes itself felt. We are suddenly out of the academic subjunctive and the journalistic present, and into the eternal indicative. We are told plainly: "Life for Man is knowing God, the Wholly Other." We are informed of the necessity of "a complete homage of intelligence and will to God who reveals," of "obedience without hesitation to the Word of God." From a prologue that begins with questions that recall Pascal, we move calmly into the explication of the Creed, the sacraments, the Beatitudes, the Ten Commandments, and finally the Lord's Prayer. The tone is calm and largely lucid. Its most inspired passages are not its own, but the words of the saints, brought to life from the obscurity of earlier times: St. Ambrose, St. Fulgentius of Ruspe, St. Gregory of Nazianus, St. John Cassian, St. Peter Chrysologus, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, who are joined by a chorus of mystics, many of them women. We hear often from St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa of Jesus, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Monica. Their words color the faith vividly, reminding us subtly of the enormity of the Christian heritage, east and west, male and female, ancient and modern.

The document is perhaps most challenging—and most Ratzingerian—in its treatment of the sacraments. These are not portrayed primarily as communal events, but as opportunities for what the text calls "epiclesis," which is "a calling down of the grace of the Holy Spirit." As theologians have noted, the treatment is strikingly Eastern—a timely recognition, perhaps, that the next area of Catholic challenge, along with the Third World, will be the Second World of deposed communism. The text never quite loses sight of the essentials: death, salvation, eternity. It speaks easily of these things, and hopefully, quoting the simplicity of St. Ignatius of Antioch: "My birth approaches . . . let me receive the pure light; when I have arrived there, I shall be a man."

Nor is it afraid to approach Christian rapture, to flirt with the sometimes sensual triumphalism of the greatest saints. In talking of man's obligation to the environment, for example, the text marvelously invokes St. John of the Cross's Prayer of the Soul in Love: "You will not take away from me, my God, what you have once given me in your only Son, Jesus Christ. . . . Mine are the heavens, mine is the earth, and mine are the nations; the just are mine and mine are the sinners; the angels are mine and the Mother of God is mine and for me and all things are mine, because Christ is mine and entirely for me." This is clearly not the text of an arid bureaucracy.

Nor does the new catechism disavow many of the "liberal" issues now at stake in the Church. It does not change the Church's position on the complementarity of men and women, for example, but its treatment of the whole subject is sensitive: "God is in no way in the image of man. He is neither man nor woman: He is God. But the 'perfections' of man and woman reflect something of his infinite perfection: that of a mother and those of a father and a husband." In places its "liberalism" seems heartfelt, asserting that "the dignity of woman cannot be reconciled with a tradition inherited from an age and a set of values which takes for granted the superiority of one sex over another." It includes a moving defense of economic redistribution as "not simply a question of sharing out resources so as to ensure material 'having' . . . [but] putting this 'having' at the service of man's 'being,' " and is avowedly green. It criticizes capital punishment,

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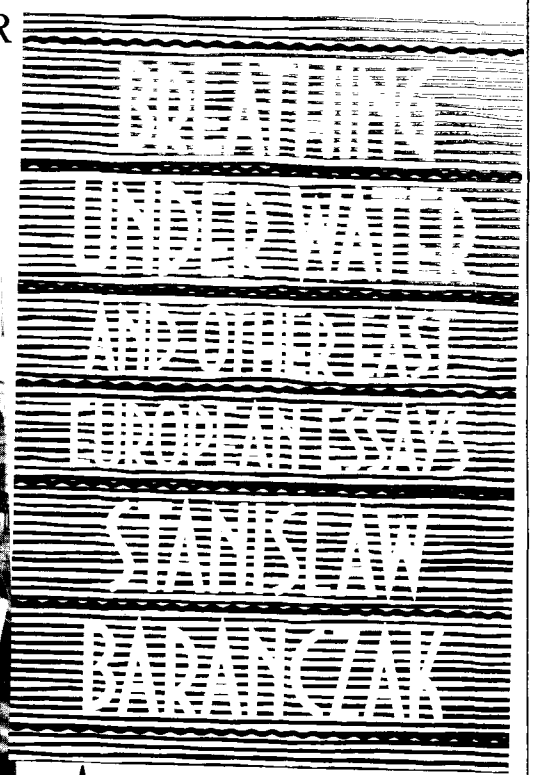

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nuclear weapons, and inadequate health-care systems, while reserving scorn for the heresies both of Marxism and market liberalism. There is something attractive about a document that should annoy the unreconstructed left as much as the neo-conservative Catholics who claim Adam Smith for Holy Mother Church.

Greeley writes at length about how American Catholics see God as Mother, and criticizes the hierarchy for not affirming this truth. He should read this text. The ecclesiology is also firmly Vatican II: it affirms the Church as simultaneously and inseparably a hierarchy, a fellowship, and a heavenly entity, and while it sticks with a definition of the Church as fundamentally the People of God, it does so with a Ratzingerian emphasis on transcendence: "What distinguishes this people from all other nations is the fact that it is the People *of God.* One becomes a member of this people not by physical birth, but by 'birth from above,' 'of water and the Holy Spirit,' by faith in Christ." It would be difficult to concoct a more direct answer to the conception of Catholicism as a culture and a sensibility.

The important point, however, is that these matters are treated within the context of a structure whose priorities are set by an eternal faith, rather than by a contemporary question. Sexual morality is dealt with in the context of the Ten Commandments, as is the environment. Though at times it is distracting, the perspective of ancient texts pellucidly orders the questions of modernity. And at the first glimmerings of banality, the saints intervene, or the text itself ascends to serenity: "What sin has distorted in man, the grace of Christ restores. Not only does that grace repair the original damage, it also transforms man from within, renewing him in the image of God."

The theologian who can see in that passage only a sexist use of the word "man" has surely gotten her priorities wrong. There is plenty here that proves that what Kennedy calls "the poetry of Catholicism" is not incompatible with authority, with an assertion of truth. And plenty, too, to remind us that the strong Catholic voice that spoke of truths in a tone of certainty rarely patronized its audience or compromised for fear of disapproval. It is possible, of course, that the Catholicism embraced by Kennedy and Greeley would see little in the new catechism but a cold reassertion of authority. But the tone is not that of unreason, or at least its unreason is no greater than the unreason of God's revelation.

Take, for example, the touchy issue of the nature of obedience. The text argues that "true obedience arises from a willingness to hear what is being asked and subsequently to make a conscientious response. Unquestioning obedience is not necessarily a sign of filial respect and may be nothing more than an act done out of servile fear." This is an important point. Obedience is a concept with which neither Greeley nor Kennedy seems comfortable; obedience and disobedience are not relevant to a faith that rests ultimately upon culture. You do not obey culture. You merely go along with it. (In practice, of course, culture is almost all that many people obey.) Hence Kennedy's claim at one point that true authority is self-evident and therefore does not require the self-denial that inheres in obedience. The catechism reaffirms, however, precisely the tension between faith and disobedience, between rebellion and submission, which is at the center of the Catholic sensibility that Kennedy and Greeley otherwise rightly admire.

What this suggests, perhaps, is that the new catechism and the new Catholic critics may have less to divide them than it seems. Oddly enough, there are clear and striking agreements between hierarchy and rebels. The catechism, too, calls for a rediscovery of mystery; it agrees that a metaphorical reading of revealed truth is essential; even Greeley gives an orthodox celebration of clerical celibacy; and the catechism includes a careful demand for the equal dignity of women and men and gays and straights. There are still differences, of course: the ordination of women, for example, where the catechism is as unpersuasive as it is brief. But even here, if the Church's critics could get beyond the fetish of culture and the overly simple notion of autonomy to a more nuanced understanding of the spiritual possibilities of obedience and disobedience, some sort of dialogue could take place. Ratzinger has drawn on his radical past rather than on his authoritarian present, and has released a text whose discriminations could challenge and energize both liberals and conservatives alike.

It is especially hard not to be struck by one particular point of consensus. Not so long ago, it was taken for granted that the cult of Mary was the quintessentially outdated Catholic tradition: pietistic, tacky, a little heretical, medieval. Yet both Kennedy and Greeley affirm the remaining importance of this figure for "tomorrow's Catholics." Greeley shows how the Marian image is critical in shaping Catholic men's surprising feminism and documents the enormous sacramental resources involved in the traditional veneration of the Mother of God. For Kennedy, the Virgin Mary is a symbol of something profoundly true: "In the lexicon of the soul, the Virgin Birth refers to the ideal of life that is motivated not by wealth, power, or pleasure, but by values which transcend temporal survival. . . . It is a metaphor signifying the life urged on all by the Christian tradition and supported by the sacramental system."

The figure of Mary, as close observers of the current pontiff have seen, is also perhaps one of the most formative influences on the Church's present leader; her symbol is inscribed on John Paul's coat of arms. And she is a potent unifier among American Catholics in particular, from the Hispanic traditions of the South to the Italian and Irish rituals of the North and East. The new theologians see in her a symbol of mystery, sacramentalism, and womanhood that could help transform a sometimes bureaucratic, patriarchal, and austere hierarchy. The present leadership see in her a call to return to the truths of an ancient faith. Is it too much to hope that they all may be right? •

Household Gods

Some are rock and some are bark,
Some guard the door and some the hearth;
One stands watch in the rose garden.
All commemorate Place and Time.

This story the Etruscans were fond of drawing:
Aeneas with his father on his back
(Like a man wearing history into the world!)
Carried Troy's gods to the Tiber's mouth.

A certain stone unearthed in the meadow
Braces the music upon the piano.
The stump that bears no leaves bears witness
To increase and cutting and the light of day.

These are our household gods,
Silent until we give them voices,
Homelier than the one or ones that hover
To create mischief and tests of faith.

First the dream, then the dream recalled,
Then, finally, the way the dream gets told.
A fissured egg made of alabaster
Waits on the sill to deliver our Helen.

STUART DISCHELL

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The Cretan

BY PETER GREEN

Kazantzakis: Politics of the Spirit by Peter Bien

(Princeton University Press, 360 pp., $29.95)

On April 21, 1967, while Colonel Papadopoulos's tanks rolled through the streets of Athens, Peter Bien found himself discussing, with "a member of Kazantzakis's circle, a lady of poetic sensibility," the eccentric seventeen-syllable line that Kazantzakis had employed in his *Odyssey*. Their literary tête-à-tête was rudely interrupted by the lady's young nephew, a student, who asked, understandably, how she could chitchat about prosody on this of all days, and then launched into a tirade against Kazantzakis himself, accusing him of being a fake, a hypocrite, a pseudo-humanitarian who "couldn't care less about political problems because he is imprisoned inside his own egomania, oblivious of the fate of others, concerned only about abstractions like god or salvation," selfish, introverted, otherworldly, and finally *un-Greek*. In a sense, Bien's book has been written to answer those charges. Bien is arguably the best, and beyond a doubt the most learned, exponent of modern Greek literature writing in English today. And yet I ended his apologia with an obstinate sense that, at the deepest level, the student was dead right.

I may be mildly prejudiced. The mayfly fads and unstable ideological enthusiasms of certain kinds of intellectuals, particularly the anti-rational enskyment of intuition and the Nietzschean excesses of the otherworldly, have always irritated me; naïveté is not made more excusable by being hitched to windy or solipsistic dicta about the human condition. And my own early dealings with Kazantzakis, with his *Odyssey* in particular, have unfortunate associations.

For a start, it is very hard to take the plot of the *Odyssey* seriously. Kazantzakis claimed to have made it up as he went along, by free association—which, if true (many, Bien included, refuse to believe it), tells quite a bit about its author's psyche. The subtitle is *A Modern Sequel*. It begins at the point where Odysseus has killed the suitors. Finding his wife a bore, his son a namby-pamby, and the thought of settling in Ithaca appalling, he decides to take off in search of further adventure, accompanied by a crew of oddly-named symbolic characters, ranging from Hardihood to Captain Clam. He also marries Telemachus off to Nausicaa before leaving, prompting the boy to plot to kill him—a Freudian reaction interpreted by the proud father as a sign of dawning independence (I swear I'm not making this up). A trip to Sparta finds Menelaus fat, comfortable, and understandably not interested in quests. Odysseus thereupon abducts Helen (without erotic intent) and carries her off to Crete, where ritual sex—oral, incestuous, cannibal, lesbian, you name it—is the rule of the decadent game.

The decadence is obliterated, however, by an attack of blond Dorian barbarians. Helen is left behind with a gardener who has put her in the family way. Odysseus decides to build his Ideal City, though he first retreats to a mountain to commune with God. The City proves as syncretic as anything else in Kazantzakis, a sort of amalgam of Plato's Republic, Augustine's City of God, and More's Utopia. It is also (a point missed by Odysseus during his transcendental musings) built on a volcano. It explodes. Odysseus decides to become an ascetic, a much-worshipped healing guru. His final journey is in a small skiff to the South Pole. On the way he meets various thinly disguised spiritual leaders (such as Christ and the Buddha), and finally, in the Arctic wastes, meets and routs God, singing "of joy, revolt, of freedom, and of bold new roads."

When, in 1958, I was asked to review Kimon Friar's translation of this modern epic, I went out of my way to get a copy of the Greek text: partly (as a professional translator myself) from a sense of duty, partly because the English version struck me as a pompous and overblown mishmash of nihilism, bogus mysticism, old-fashioned evolutionary rationalism, and melodramatic pornography. The hero of this long poem that I was reading in translation seemed to be (as I eventually wrote) "raking through the rubbish-heap of European history . . . for a creed, a philosophy, a literary style, even a language in which to express himself." I noted the more obvious influences, Plato, Dante, Nietzsche, Marx, Freud, Spengler, Bergson, Buddhism: like a frantic, nesting magpie, Kazantzakis had laid them all under contribution.

Finally I managed to borrow the rare and weighty original edition of 1938 from Constantine Trypanis, then an Oxford professor. "You'll have trouble with the vocabulary," he warned me, and he was right. Kazantzakis's eclecticism, it turned out, included a passion for local dialectical usages, which he culled indiscriminately from every corner of Greece and the Aegean. But this was not my only problem. A week later I contracted adult chicken pox, and so it followed that I sweated my way through Kazantzakis's pretentiously syncretistic Greek while lying submerged in a starch bath, with text and translation propped side by side on the bath rack: not, perhaps, ideal circumstances for the formation of an impartial judgment.

Even so, looking back I still think that Kazantzakis's *Odyssey*, at 33,333 lines (more than Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* combined), is not only a monster but a monstrosity, despite Friar's best attempt to tone it down and make it less grotesque for English-speaking readers. To be sure, distinguished critics praised it as about the biggest literary event since the blind bard of Chios hung up his lyre. Being out of step with the herd does not bother me overmuch, but in the case of Kazantzakis I do find what John Chioles rightly terms "the 'mimetic absorption' of hero worship that mars nearly all writing on Kazantzakis" something of a puzzle.

I conclude that it's no more than a matter of deep calling to deep. The course of Kazantzakis's life and career offers a paradigm—almost a parody—of what the unsympathetic assume to be characteristic of the genus "intellectual." If what follows is variously reminiscent of Aristophanes, Swift, and Gilbert & Sullivan, that is perhaps no accident. The life of this man amply confirms that psychological or spiritual self-absorption and a sense of the ridiculous are mutually exclusive. Wyndham Lewis and D. H. Lawrence exemplify that truth no less than Kazantzakis. People love them or loathe them; there is seldom a middle view.

Nikos Kazantzakis was born in Iraklion, Crete, in 1883, though later, like Gary Hart, he claimed to be a year or two younger than he was—thus reminding us, not for the last time, of the adage that all Cretans are liars. In his early twenties,

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while studying law in Athens, he began to write. As he put it years later in *Report to Greco*, "Gradually, exultantly, I found myself engulfed in ink," a condition that persisted for the rest of his life. His first work was a novel, *Serpent and Lily* (1906), a pale exercise in the manner of D'Annunzio and the French Parnassians; the Werther-like hero, anxious to preserve his great love from "fleshly corruption," commits suicide with his inamorata by suffocating (aesthete that he is) in the aroma of flowers. Bunthorne would have applauded. Yet at the same time Kazantzakis wrote an essay on the *mal de siècle*, pointing out that this kind of decadent romanticism just wouldn't do, that what was really needed was "a virile, youthful, amoral paganism." Three cheers for Nietzsche and Lawrence's Dark Gods; down with the flabby, comfortable, liberal bourgeoisie.

In Kazantzakis's ancient Greek never-never land, there was no melancholy, an omission that would have surprised the archaic Greeks themselves. Kazantzakis always went for the Transcendent Vision. Like Pindar's bee, he flitted from flower to flower. Initiated as a Freemason, he took off for Paris in 1907, where he dumped the Parnassians in favor of Jaurès and state ownership of land. But work on Nietzsche soon convinced him that socialism, too, was flabby, effeminate, over-rational. What he wanted was discipline, passion, faith, violence.

Channelled at first into a chauvinistic Greek nationalism touting the so-called Great Idea (that is, the recovery of Constantinople), this attitude, with its glorification of the *Übermensch*, soon began to display unpleasantly familiar symptoms. "Nations," Kazantzakis wrote in *Neon Asty* (New City), on March 8, 1908, "must become egotistical and hard in order to trample the corpses of their opponents and to advance strong and happy in the sun-bathed, manly intoxication of life." Heady stuff; and though Bien makes the best of a bad job by calling this "virile, irrational faith in nationalism" merely "one more allotropic expression of his concern about the transitional age," it is easy enough to see how the left came to regard Kazantzakis as a not-so-crypto-fascist.

Bien is right, I think, in arguing that the various fads, phases, and enthusiasms can be misleading, that the theme of this life is not change but continuity, that "certain basic attitudes, psychological needs, and traits of personality endured throughout," citing as the best example Kazantzakis's devotion to freedom. Still, I would argue that at least as constant and powerful as Kazantzakis's pronouncements on behalf of freedom was his ugly streak of gut-level totalitarianism, and that what most attracted him in his long, uncomfortable flirtation with the Bolsheviks was precisely their dictatorial toughness.

In his view, as Bien points out, communism and fascism were not poles apart; they were, to a great extent, symbiotic, almost identical. This kind of stance did not win Kazantzakis friends among the committed. Though Bien labels him "metapolitical" rather than truly engagé, Kazantzakis appeared to the irritated contemporary observer as a mess of intellectual contradictions, a man who dabbled in politics when it suited him and withdrew to pursue spiritual salvation when it did not. Not every Greek can boast of having been simultaneously abused by Communists, monarchists, the National Theater, and the Orthodox Church. This attention seems to have rather pleased its target, never less than self-preoccupied, who announced proudly that "there is no regime that can tolerate me—and very rightly so, since there is no regime that I can tolerate." No accident that the regime he seems to have found most attractive was that of Mussolini's Italy: operatic fascism suited Kazantzakis down to the ground. He regarded Il Duce as the embodiment of the élan vital (Bergson was another great, perhaps the greatest, influence), and he refused to sign a protest against the invasion of Abyssinia, arguing that war was healthy, that pacifism was an excuse for cowardice, that fit civilizations are necessarily brutal in their need to expand.

Meanwhile his personal search for spiritual lebensraum proceeded unabated. Life, in the form of travel and intermittent political action, fed his writing. In Paris, besides studying Bergson and writing a dissertation (inevitably) on Nietzsche, he wrote a novel, *Broken Souls* (1908), and a play, *The Master Builder* (1909). The first has a protagonist, Orestes, whose last name is Asteriades ("Stargazer"), a frustrated and despairing nationalist. The second, as its title implies, leans heavily on Ibsen, but also makes use of a traditional Greek folksong, "The Bridge of Arta." The bridge falls, is rebuilt, falls again. The builder, an early version of Kazantzakis's egomaniacal superman, is flawed in his heroic will by sexual enslavement to a woman. Neatly pandering at one and the same time to Nietzsche, folk superstition, and his own crippling sexual puritanism, Kazantzakis saves the bridge and the builder by having the woman walled up in the bridge's foundations.

His eclectic exploration of various creeds and systems kept pointing his salvationist compass first in one direction, then in another. Seldom can a professed non-believer have spent so much time and energy on religion. Indeed, almost all his activities reveal a paradoxical element that often teeters on the ridiculous. Kazantzakis became a demoticist, calling for the reform of the Greek language in the direction of the spoken vernacular, yet his style and his vocabulary remained bookishly recherché.

A latter-day Pygmalion, he fell in love with, and eventually married, the appropriately named Galatea Alexiou, a modish Cretan intellectual, though unkind Greek gossip alleged that the best he could manage in the way of sex was erotic fantasizing on paper. (This persistent canard was impossible to prove, though his remark about liking Nietzsche for the way "the sperm rose to his head" makes one wonder.) During the first Balkan War of 1912, he characteristically avoided military service by getting himself assigned to the private office of the prime minister, Eleftherios Venizelos, a useful connection. Despite his rhetoric of violence, then, he kept well away from real action, once admitting that he had never handled a gun in his life. There was a slapstick quality about Kazantzakis's pursuit of the heroic; it seemed doomed always to end in bathos or pratfalls.

In 1914 and 1915, Kazantzakis and the poet Angelos Sikelianos went the rounds of the monasteries on Mt. Athos and elsewhere, and had thoughts—inevitably—of founding a new creed of their own. (In 1955 Kazantzakis wrote a semi-fictionalized account of this episode, at once self-serving and self-deprecating, in *Report to Greco*.) Dante and Tolstoy were added to the list of gurus. The first taught Kazantzakis, he said, "how man achieves salvation" (*come l'uom s'eterna*, a phrase from the *Inferno*); from the second he got the idea, despite his Nietzschean rejection of Apollo (killed off by Christ) and Christ (killed off by Darwin), that religion was more important than literature. (The fall of Venizelos, Kazantzakis's most powerful patron, may also have had something to do with this swing away from politics to the spirit.)

The new perceptions did not noticeably reduce his own literary output. He was a man of letters in the old-fashioned sense, who lived by his pen and turned it to any task. He wrote travel articles, political reportage, encyclopedia entries, textbooks, children's stories, popular journalism, reviews, and translations (he was a brilliant natural linguist) from French, German, and English as well as

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ancient Greek. Still, life was not an exclusively spiritual quest. Indeed, he himself emphasized yet another paradox: that "within me, even the most metaphysical problem takes on a warm physical body which smells of sea, soil, and human sweat."

Like too many intellectuals of his day, Kazantzakis had an admiring weakness for strong, natural, earthy peasant values. And so a chance encounter during World War I provided the genesis of what was to become his most famous novel. Schemes for timber-cutting and lignite-mining (the latter probably as a means of avoiding conscription) led Kazantzakis to engage a plausible, extroverted jack-of-all-trades named George Zorbas, for whom he soon conceived the most inflated admiration. Bien has great fun analyzing the Aristotelian and existentialist strands in Kazantzakis's fictional Zorba, a problem that (I feel pretty certain) no more exercised the audiences of the movie, or Anthony Quinn, than it should the average reader. Like many Greeks of my acquaintance, I find Zorba to be one of the most monumentally crashing bores in literature, the prototype of all those village pests and semi-Americanized hullo-boys (as Osbert Lancaster labeled them) who latch on to unwary foreigners in the Greek outback.

In 1919, after the return of Venizelos to power, Kazantzakis was appointed director general of the Ministry of Welfare, with responsibility for repatriating 150,000 Greeks from the Caucasus (where they had been the target of Bolshevik xenophobia) and resettling them in Macedonia and Thrace, events that later provided material for *Christ Recrucified*. A year later Venizelos was again out of office, and Kazantzakis resigned his post, traveling abroad to Paris, Germany, and (in 1922) Vienna, where he suffered the first of several recurring attacks of an acute and disfiguring facial eczema. Though this was later diagnosed as the consequence of a lymphatic disorder, Kazantzakis, describing the episode with masochistic relish in *Report to Greco*, confidently explained it in psychosomatic terms: it was the result of acute guilt, which was occasioned by the temptation (never fulfilled) to indulge in casual sexual activity with a young lady named Frieda. He seems to have been encouraged in this verdict by the dissident Freudian therapist Wilhelm Stekel, who referred knowingly to Kazantzakis's affliction as "the saints' disease."

In Vienna, Kazantzakis studied not only Freud, but also Buddhism. The collapse of Greece's "Great Idea" in the Smyrna debacle of 1922 abruptly turned him off Greek nationalism. An initial pessimistic mood led to a flirtation with Spengler, and a curious attempt, in an early draft of his *Askitiki* (*Spiritual Exercises*), to combine Buddhist abnegation with communism. Communism won, though the Buddha was not forgotten. Kazantzakis took Russian lessons, even planned to emigrate to the Soviet Union. But his restless traveling continued. Vienna and Berlin were followed by Italy, where he became obsessed with Pompeii, lived for a while in Assisi, and acquired yet another role model, St. Francis. Back in Athens he met Eleni Samiou, and in 1926 divorced Galatea to live with her. An ill-organized Communist cell on Crete got him arrested, but only for twenty-four hours: nobody, it seems, took him seriously enough to regard him as a real danger.

And so his life veered and tacked, a spiritual odyssey that often seemed more like a disorganized travelogue. He visited Spain, Italy, Egypt, Sinai, Palestine, Cyprus, and, in 1927, Russia once more, this time as the guest of the Soviet government. Until 1929 he remained full of enthusiasm for the Revolution, writing a film scenario on Lenin, hobnobbing with Gorky in Moscow and Victor Serge in Leningrad, journeying the length and breadth of Russia. But realities, like

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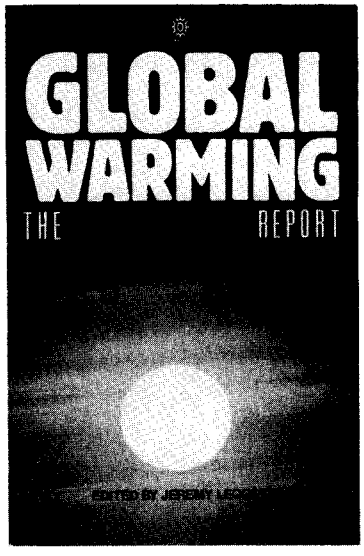

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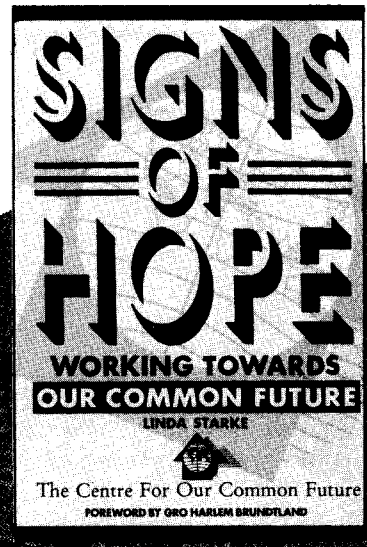

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cheerfulness, would keep breaking in. Kazantzakis admired both Stalin and Trotsky (whom he tipped as Lenin's successor, confident in his readiness to "crack skulls open in order to put Salvation inside them"), but was shocked by the infighting of the local apparatchiks. He quarrelled with his Greco-Romanian friend Panait Istrati, a writer once famous, today largely forgotten, who accused him (as others were to do) of not loving humanity, of being a heartless man. He began to be plagued by disillusion about the course that the Soviet experiment was taking. His novel *Toda-Raba* (1929), a melodramatic exercise in self-exposure, a lament at his failure in the active life, is most remarkable for having been written in French and then translated by its author into German; but it also records the decline and fall of yet another of Kazantzakis's enthusiasms.

During the 1930s he zigzagged compulsively from country to country—France, Spain, China, Japan, a mountain retreat in Czechoslovakia—in part because of official threats against him in Greece. (It was seriously proposed to prosecute him for atheism, though seldom can there have been a more God-obsessed man.) He went on turning out books and articles, mostly for money: a two-volume history of Russian literature, school textbooks, translations (including the whole of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, into terza rima, in a month and a half flat), and, more important, a revised second draft in 1929 of his mammoth *Odyssey*, which was first composed in 1924-27. The revision was designed to reflect the disillusionment he came to feel with Soviet Russia. The final publication of the eighth draft took place in December 1938 and was accompanied by another outburst of facial eczema. By now he had made an uneasy peace with the government and built his first permanent Greek home on the island of Aegina. A visit to the Colonial Exhibition in Paris had stirred up a fresh enthusiasm, this time for African primitivism, a more exciting version of the élan vital. He began to plan a new epic, *Akritas*, also in 33,333 verses, which, mercifully, was never finished.

Then came the outbreak of war, and in due course, the occupation of Greece by the Germans. This abruptly resurrected Kazantzakis's long-abandoned nationalism. Confined to Aegina for the duration, with nothing to do but write, he finished a play, *Buddha*, translated the *Iliad* from ancient into modern Greek, and began planning novels about Christ and Zorbas, all the time promising that after the war he would abandon literature for politics. And so he did—but only for a year, during which time he led a small socialist party that aimed to unite the non-Communist splinter groups of the left, and served briefly as Minister without Portfolio in the predominantly liberal government of Themistocles Sophoulis, prior to which he at last married Eleni Samiou, perhaps as a sop to public respectability. Denied admission to the Athens Academy by two votes while being recommended by the Greek Society of Writers for the Nobel Prize, Kazantzakis continued to stir up controversy: on Greek Independence Day, 1946, his play *Capodistria* opened at the Royal Theater and caused a furor. One right-wing nationalist threatened to burn down the theater.

In June, Kazantzakis left Greece yet again, this time forever. His exile was partly self-chosen, partly forced upon him by political developments in his homeland. (Increasing governmental activity against the left had culminated in the outbreak of civil war in 1946; many writers were imprisoned or sent to islands during this period.) In England, of all places, he tried to whip up support for an "Internationale of the Spirit." He was met with polite yawns. After a brief stint at UNESCO he and Eleni settled in Antibes, where his first project was a play titled *Sodom and Gomorrah*. These years of his life saw both the writing of his most popular and successful works—*Zorba the Greek*, *Christ Recrucified* (sometimes titled *The Greek Passion*), *The Last Temptation*, this something of a succès de scandale—and his establishment as an international literary figure.

His eczema worsened, he lost an eye to infection, he spent time in hospitals. *The Last Temptation* was denounced by Orthodoxy and put on the Catholic Index of Forbidden Books. Kazantzakis quoted Tertullian to the pope and challenged the Orthodox hierarchy to show itself "as moral and religious as I am." In 1955 he began his spiritual autobiography, *Report to Greco*, a disconcerting blend of self-critical fact and self-serving fiction. The following year he was narrowly beaten for the Nobel Prize by Juan Ramón Jiménez. In 1957, before flying from China to Japan, he was vaccinated in Canton, and the vaccination turned septic; Asiatic flu supervened, and on October 26, 1957, Kazantzakis died. He was seventy-four. The Orthodox church in Athens refused to let his body lie in state. Iraklion, his birthplace, proved more accommodating, and her wandering son was finally laid to rest in a bastion of the Venetian ramparts, with an epitaph (culled from his *Spiritual Exercises*) that was, for once, a model of brevity: "I hope for nothing. I fear nothing. I am free." It was his last, best, and most economic gesture.

What on earth are we to make of such a career? Like Shaw and Chesterton, Kazantzakis was first and foremost a bookman. Though he primarily valued his writing as a vehicle for his spikily portentous ideas, he succeeded, when succeed he did, largely in spite of them, as a chronicler of the fertile, earthy eccentricities of Greek peasant life. (This late phase of his oeuvre falls outside the scope of Bien's book, which concludes with an analysis of the *Odyssey*; we are promised a sequel covering 1939-57.) Still, it is Bien's assumption, made some years ago and still implicit in his present work, that "since Kazantzakis's books are terrifyingly intellectual and have no salacious interest [not altogether true, especially as regards the *Odyssey*] . . . his readership consists of discriminating people of superior education." This characteristically academic verdict strikes me as fundamentally mistaken.

In truth, only the late novels are read at all, except by specialists; and these are not read even by them, it seems safe to say, for their intellectual, much less their theological, content. The sentimental picture of a fast-vanishing Greek rural culture appeals not just to Hellenic vacationers, but also to any urban intellectual who pines for strong simple primitivism, and will cheerfully lap up the homespun clichés and self-indulgent moral agonizing that Kazantzakis ladles out with it. *Zorba the Greek* in particular has reached an even wider audience. In that ethnically edged movie *Shirley Valentine*, a xenophobic Mancunian tourist can address a Greek waiter, generically, as "Zorba": this bit of Kazantzakis's mythic message has become part of the popular Western imagination. Zorba *is* Greece. Somewhere in this sunny dreamworld, cheerfully anarchic sons of toil, full of *raki* and wise saws, are still challenging our dull respectable middle-class values.

Bien is dead right, on the other hand, in his view that, if we really want to understand Kazantzakis, we have to come to terms with his ramshackle Bergsonian system of belief, since from a very early period it permeated and shaped everything he did. A large proportion of *Kazantzakis: Politics of the Spirit* is devoted, with acumen and ingenuity, to this horrendous task. As far as I can figure it out, which is not very far, the system works like this. Take a pinch of William James's pragmatic distrust of a priori reasoning. Add a stiff dose of Nietzsche's negative values (his dismissal of immortality, free will, female emancipation, democracy,

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pacifism, Christianity, equal rights), plus his positive apotheosis of the ego. Combine these with the Bergsonian transubstantiation of flesh into spirit in a world that is "a luminous interval between two black voids." Posit (reasonably, for once) a transitional age that has lost its old faith but not yet found a new one. Let the creative energy, the élan vital, evolve through a collaboration with matter in a cycle that finally rejects substance and returns to its own pure origins (by a kind of metaphorical entropy, though Bergson doesn't seem to have seen this). Vitalism surges up; matter presses down; life is the intersection; and, viewed monistically, "god is the entire evolutionary process: the primordial essence that first wills its own congealment into life and then wills the unmaking of that creative talent."

"This," Bien assures us, "is the complicated deity that satisfied Kazantzakis's needs." My first reaction to such a conclusion is that some of us get our kicks in funny ways. On reflection, though, I feel that it is also sound criticism. Most religions contain a simple central truth; there is stunning logical (not merely emotional) force behind the concepts of the Incarnation and Resurrection. Kazantzakis's tortuous creed, however, warms no hearts and raises no banners. It was never designed for purposes of proselytizing, but rather as a function of Kazantzakis's all-demanding ego, for self-consumption only. (Not even his so-called metacommunism found any serious takers.) With its images of crucifixion and spiritual ascent, its bloody footsteps and its flaky succession of gurus—Christ, Nietzsche, Buddha, Lenin, Odysseus—this is essentially a one-man system. It even manages to accommodate an element of Protagoreanism by theorizing that "god" (to put it crudely) needs specially endowed men—a Dante, a Homer, a Bergson, a Kazantzakis, the *Salvatores Dei* (Saviors of God) that form the subtitle of the *Spiritual Exercises*—to help the divine evolutionary cycle along. Syncretism could hardly go further: humanism, too, gets its slice of the pie.

With immense skill, Bien traces elements of this lunatic-fringe thesis in just about everything that Kazantzakis ever wrote, and he is probably right to do so. The real question, then, is this: How do such revelations affect Kazantzakis's stature as a creative artist? A good comparison is Yeats, who not only dabbled in the theosophical esoterica peddled by Swedenborg and Madame Blavatsky, but made it the basis for much of his best poetry. In the case of Yeats, the result justifies itself triumphantly, without reference to its antecedents. With Kazantzakis, by contrast, what overwhelms the reader is simply an outsize and totally self-absorbed ego, crunching its way masochistically uphill toward a synthetic Calvary.

In a real sense, Kazantzakis was his own recrucified Christ, just as the protagonist of the *Odyssey* is Kazantzakis again: failures all forgotten, mythicized into a triumph of the will, the bright élan vital between darkness and darkness. It is impossible to avoid admiring the fecundity, the energy, and the creativity of this demon-driven writer. In the end, however, his best work—and even that work is a long way from perfect—was contained in the late novels, when for a while Kazantzakis would switch off his cosmic overdrive and let the florid, almost Balzacian, humanity of his Cretan background and ancestry take over. The result could be pure magic. I hope that Peter Bien will deal with this latter period, Kazantzakis's earthly paradise, as faithfully and as perceptively as he has battled his way through the purgatorial stretch that preceded it.

PETER GREEN is the author most recently of *Classical Bearings* (Thames & Hudson). His translation of Yannis Ritsos's *The Fourth Dimension* is forthcoming from Princeton University Press.

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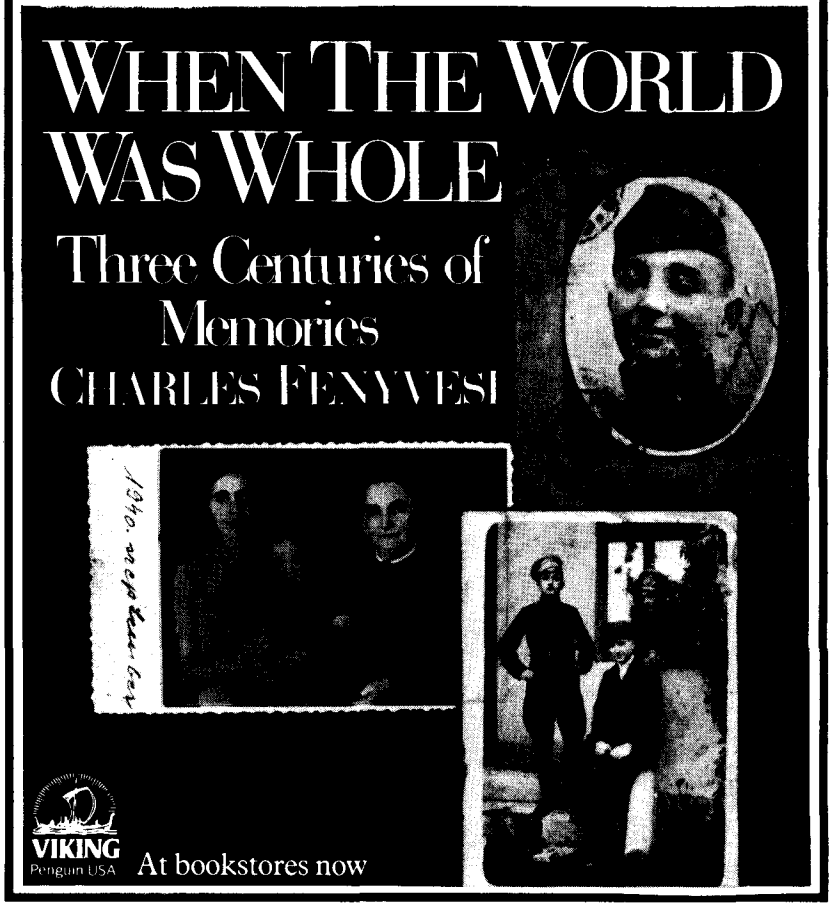

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Habits of Home

By Alfred Kazin

Warrenpoint by Denis Donoghue

(Knopf, 208 pp., $19.95)

If an old-fashioned Bronx Irish cop produced a son or daughter who became an internationally known literary scholar and critic, a specialist in modern English and American writers who are almost entirely Protestant, would the cop remain the major presence in the critic's memories? Surely this would occur only if the story became one of regretful, poignant alienation from the father's rigid official views, from his unyielding Catholic orthodoxy.

Denis Donoghue's memoir of growing up in Warrenpoint, Northern Ireland, is altogether remarkable. It reminds me of his best critical book, *We Irish*, because of its profound involvement with issues that are his life's blood. Donoghue is one of the ablest critics writing today, an acute mind and a prodigious reader, who sometimes seems more comfortable with his academic robes than I think such a thinker should be. But *Warrenpoint* is something else. It rests dramatically and emotionally on his abiding and total reverence for his father, a sergeant in the Royal Irish Constabulary.

In 1922, after the separation of the six northern counties and their adherence to Britain, the RIC became the RUC—the Royal Ulster Constabulary. Catholics in Northern Ireland are a third of the population. It was an achievement for the father to be accepted by a Protestant police force "whose chief aim was to keep Catholics in check." Sergeant Denis Donoghue never rose above sergeant, and was retired not a day later than he had to be retired, with a meager pension.

The son's feeling for the father is the great thing about the book. The father "filled all the space" in the son's life. And resplendently in memory, he does still. He was the "son's rock of ages." Without being too individualized in the book—his character and his job come to seem the same—the Sergeant dominates the book by the very officialness, stiffness, probity that he, a peasant's son, took on as his function in life and that altogether became *him*. That, despite his toughness with drunks and rowdies, he was essentially humble and submissive to higher (Protestant) authority goes without saying. The mother, a minor presence, caught between policemen and a rebel brother, "kept her own counsel." The son says grimly that "she was gifted in that respect."

To complete the picture of submission, the Donoghue family had to live in the police barracks, in the half set aside as "married quarters." There was no visible separation between the dayroom of the barracks and the family's portion. The father was the presiding symbol of law and order in the town along the Irish sea. But for the son he also stood for the beleaguered faith in the midst of truculently dominating Protestants. Donoghue says that he could always tell a Protestant from the way he walked—as if he owned the place. He did. What a situation for a Catholic police sergeant who was officially in charge not only of regular constables, but also of the "B-specials, part-time policemen, whom I hated and feared because they were, to a man, Protestants and Unionists."

The father, a lonely official and obviously a lonely husband, lavished all his love and care on his promising son. "He had an acute interest in the future . . . my future rather than his." He counseled his son to copy his policeman's manner in dealing with others: "Be civil but strange." A lot of tension followed from the Donoghues' own "strangeness" in the police barracks, the harsh inner curbs needed on so many deeply ingrained Catholic convictions and social resentments. This tension is well caught in *Warrenpoint*, and gives the book a barely restrained passion. But the manner of the book is cunningly dry, terse, so external as to seem documentary. This accords with an intellectual temperament unusually open to everything in current as well as "modern" writing, a first-class analyst especially of poetry and criticism, but to my mind abidingly cautious. Donoghue's own word for himself is "circumspect," and dealing with the opinions of other writers, "latitudinarian."

Donoghue has been formed by having to live with strangers. First in Ireland and England, where he studied and taught; now in America, where he is Henry James Professor of English and American Literature at New York University. Readers of Donoghue's notable collections of literary pieces—they have dramatic titles: *We Irish, England Their England, Ferocious Alphabets, Reading America*—will recognize in *Warrenpoint* his gift for gracefully assembling a book out of fragmentary materials with the help of excerpts from books of theory in every field. These excerpts provide an opportunity for his love of general speculation, but his annotations never seem to me so interesting as the speculative intelligence he finds in the poetry he loves most, like that of Wallace Stevens. No one has written better on Stevens.

Donoghue was born in 1928, but many of his images of Irish life in the North, the only industrialized section, could have come from a century ago. If *Warrenpoint* sometimes reads like a documentary of all the internal Irish wars, massacres, assassinations, and bombings since Henry II of England was given Ireland by Pope Adrian 800 years ago, some of the physical details of life in Donoghue's severely restricted circumstances remind me of many an Irish play and story about the old peasant life.

The studious boy, always at his homework, accidentally spilled a bottle of ink on the family table. This became a lasting wound, for the stain could never be eliminated and had to be concealed over the years by a doily. Sergeant Donoghue alone repaired his son's shoes. The process is described in loving detail, another imperishable memory, like young Denis's having to push the tea trolley through the town in order to bring back the family's first radio. And he could speak Irish. One family tragedy remains central, the death of his brother John at fourteen months (the book is dedicated to "John, who died"):

> I never heard John mentioned again in our family, except by my sisters many years later, when my parents were dead. In Ireland, perhaps in other countries, a dead child is either talked about in the family as if still alive or is never mentioned again after the funeral.

All this may seem to outsiders like a very narrow way of life indeed. "I wanted to write the moral history of my country," Joyce said about *Dubliners*, "and Dublin was the center of the paralysis." The most interesting thing about this book in view of Donoghue's very polished and sophisticated criticism, which one would not easily suspect to be the work of a very conservative Catholic, is that he would reject any notion of "paralysis" in connection with Warrenpoint.

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He has not gone back on his father's perfect respect for everything that he thought essential and intrinsic to life. Not in the slightest. In *We Irish*, Donoghue's scorn for Anglo-Irish Yeats's adoration of Lady Gregory's "big house" is as unmistakable as what seems to be his trouble in understanding how someone with Beckett's view of life kept from suicide. Unless I have missed something, Donoghue has managed remarkably to avoid Bernard Shaw. As a writer, especially as a critic in the hot prefaces he wrote to his rather cool plays, Shaw certainly tried to live up to Donoghue's prescription in this book that "the supreme achievement of human life is to transcend its conditions."

An unforgettable sentence from the same book: "I am sure that the authority of a written sentence and the authority of my father were one and the same." As a modern critic of English and American writers—his special interest, his chosen country—Donoghue fascinates by the way he almost never brings his religious beliefs to bear on the poetry and criticism (fiction is less in the picture) he can analyze so shrewdly. The reason, I see from *Warrenpoint*, is that his Catholicism is a precious personal possession, something apart, and not to be trafficked in this world of many issues. Still, in *Warrenpoint* he is more explicit and even haughtier about his religious situation than I have found him before.

No doubt this comes from teaching in New York and coming up against so much routine and conformist ideology in the academy. What you don't find among literary scholars just now is any understanding of serious religious belief. In respect to Jews who can't seem to get over the Holocaust and are inclined to reproach God and the world with the same strange vehemence, Donoghue thinks they tend to "haggle" with God. He quotes Georges Bernanos in *Diary of a Country Priest*, "God is not to be bargained with. We must give ourselves up to him unconditionally." Donoghue is comfortably resigned to what he sees as the divine order. There are riddles about Holy Writ and the Church that he does not understand, but his spiritual life "does not depend on them." He *likes* the dogma and the dogmatism as assurances of authority in truth.

Not for Donoghue Stephen Dedalus's saying in *Ulysses*, "History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake." An outsider may sigh over this side of Donoghue, thinking of other Catholic writers: Bernanos indicting the Spanish hierarchy in *Les Grand Cimetières Sous La Lune*, Czeslaw Milosz's supreme sensitivity to the Holocaust, Conor Cruise

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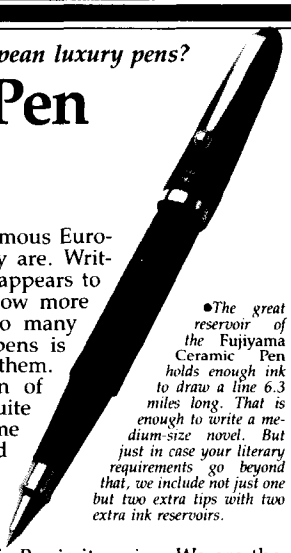

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O'Brien's charge that the German bishops could have stopped the murder of the Jews as they stopped the Nazi killing of mental "defectives." But the problem relates not to Donoghue's faith but to his "circumspection," as a critic, in bringing it to bear on the moral chaos in much contemporary art and literature. He is so much more intelligent than most academic critics today that I hate to see him, as a critic, remain so comfortable. And yet *Warrenpoint* is a fascinating personal document. As an unexpected story of total love between a father and son, it is wonderful that the son could write it.

ALFRED KAZIN is the author most recently (with David Finn) of *Our New York* (Harper & Row).

Shapes of Desire

BY J. D. MCCLATCHY

The Want Bone
by Robert Pinsky

(Ecco Press, 70 pp., $17.95)

Two years ago Robert Pinsky published a vigorous and engaging collection of essays called *Poetry and the World*. Harvested from a decade's work, it was a miscellaneous group: autobiographical sketches, meditations on the Bible and on political attitudes, reviews of recent books, a pair of public lectures on the origins of an American poetry. But underneath the variety of his subjects, Pinsky's preoccupation throughout the book was to clarify, if not to explain, poetry's function as "a bridge between the worldly and the spiritual." By maintaining a "decorum, a limiting boundary" between its voluptuous surfaces and the rigor of its ideas, between the dragging anchor of memory and its flights of imagination, poetry enacts the tension that any reader feels, caught between the communal world of his living and the isolate self of his life. The poets whom Pinsky most admires draw both into their work. "The qualities of physical grace, lively social texture, and inward revelation" that he finds in Whitman and Williams mark the strongest American poetry. They are, not coincidentally, qualities Pinsky strives for in his own poems, and wants us to admire there.

The larger question these matters of style address is one Pinsky also touches on, though never plumbs. How does, how should, a poem situate itself in relation to American life, to the heterogeneity of a democratic society? Has poetry any place in a culture that, decade by decade, pushes it further to the side? If it does, and if our poets are to be mythographers rather than merely reporters, how are they to capture and to inspirit the terms of our shape-shifting national life, its abundance of compassion and cruelty, its exhilarating and disturbing freedoms?

Pinsky looks to the style of American poems less to analyze than to praise their fluidity of idiom and tone, their rhetorical restlessness and dramatic resources, their capacity to include so many actual and imagined voices. Pinsky's view is not unlike Tocqueville's when he first arrived in New York. Sailing into the city by way of the East River, he was "surprised to perceive along the shore, at some distance from the city, a number of little palaces of white marble, several of which were of ancient architecture." The next morning, when he went ashore to inspect them, he discovered their walls were of whitewashed brick, their columns of painted wood. Our grandest gestures seem put up overnight, improvised, makeshift, fool-the-eye.

Pinsky's relish for these gestures is apparent in several poems in his new book, poems about language itself. In one, called "Window," our link to the past is defined by language: "We took their language in our mouth and chewed." It fed us, nourished us; and while it formed us—into the Irish or Chinese or Spanish or Yiddish of our words—we helped to remake its own "bright confusion." In another poem, "The Refinery" (a new name for the old melting pot), the gods return to drink at that bright confusion, which the poet imagines processed in the great glittering refinery of language:

> The muttering gods
> Greedily penetrate those bright
> pavilions—
> Libation of Benzene, Naphthalene,
> Asphalt,
> Gasoline, Tar: syllables
> Fractioned and cracked from
> unarticulated
>
> Crude, the smeared keep of life that fed
> On itself in pitchy darkness when the gods
> Were new—inedible, volatile
> And sublimated afresh to sting
> Our tongues who use it, refined from oil
> of stone.

It was Tocqueville who predicted a hybrid American poetry. On his travels around the fledgling nation he found no worthy art, but expected great things. Americans had "the freedom and the knowledge acquired by their forefathers and the passions which are their own." There was, he discovered, no pioneer's hut without its copy of Shakespeare. (Tocqueville himself first read *Henry V* in a log cabin.) But Americans had not yet learned—they would not learn until Whitman—how to write of their own passions. As for an eventual American style, he predicted it would be

> fantastic, incorrect, overburdened, and loose, almost always vehement and bold . . . with more wit than erudition, more imagination than profundity. The object of authors will be to astonish rather than to please, and to stir the passions more than to charm the taste.

He also predicted that the subject of an American poetry would be not history (Americans have none), not nature (only a mirror that we hold up to ourselves), but the self. Americans, wrote Tocqueville, are "excited in reality only by a survey of themselves," and "each man instantly sees all his fellows when he surveys himself." "I have only to look at myself," he said on their behalf, fifteen years before the publication of *Leaves of Grass*, in order to "enlarge and to throw light on some of the obscurer recesses of the human heart," in order to touch what he called "the hidden nerve."

Each poet will have his own phrase for "the hidden nerve." At the start of his career, Pinsky's was "the dark wind." In "Poems About People," the very first poem in his first book, he tells us of his concern for "the dark wind crossing/ The wide spaces between us." If we take that wind as an early image for what he refers to, in *Poetry and the World*, as "the bridge between the worldly and the spiritual," then it must be said that his early work lingered on the worldly side of things. Even so, I wince when, in his essays, he confesses his desire to be "interesting," to please the reader of his poems. Those are worthy goals in themselves, but they so underestimate Pinsky's own ambition—at least as it has emerged over the course of his four collections.

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For a poet who has cultivated a somewhat broad discursive manner in stately pentameters, the sort of style that can too easily substitute the communal "we" for the solitary "I," that is shy of metaphor and more eager to summarize than dramatize, Pinsky has at the same time never lost sight of the dark forces between, behind, and beyond us. The best sections of his splendid long poem from 1979, *An Explanation of America*, still his most capacious and aspiring work, remain those haunted by the violence of American history. But his first two collections, however intelligently they played over the contours of the shared or public life, kept their distance from "the hidden nerve."

History of My Heart, which appeared in 1984, was Pinsky's breakthrough, and my guess is that it will come to be seen as one of the best books of the past decade. The change was not radical, but it was decisive. He did not altogether abandon the imperatives of making sense of things, or his controlled tone and subdued metrics. But he pitched his voice higher. He let images do the work of argument; and an appositional momentum of phrases gave the new poems a hurtling, sometimes unnerving brilliance. Even more important, the poet's imaginative sympathies broadened. He might still use poetry as (in Emerson's phrase) "a platform whence we may command a view of our present life, a purchase by which we may move it," but he took his stand on the contradictions and desires of the self.

His new collection, *The Want Bone*, includes many poems as good as, or better than, anything in *History of My Heart*, but the impact of the whole book is not so forceful. The previous book casts its long shadow over the later one: what Pinsky has in part done now is to separate a single theme from the earlier book and to concentrate his considerable powers on it. The title calls it *want*. Desire, sexual appetite, romantic love, religious longing, nostalgia, imaginative poverty: it takes many forms.

At the center of this book is a peculiar fable in prose called "Jesus and Isolt," which fancies Jesus returned to earth in the shape of a heraldic beast, the ciclogriff who rests his head on Isolt's lap as she tells him stories of Tristan. Pinsky has brought together the two most potent myths of Western civilization—the ecstatic, doomed romantic lovers, and the merciless master of suppression; Tintagel and Gethsemane; id and superego—in order to explore the terms of desire. The initial poem in the book, "From the Childhood of Jesus," is a similar fable about the Law and about the Spirit that both giveth life and killeth. The young Jesus—magical, resentful, bored—fashions clay into images of sparrows. When scolded about profaning the Sabbath, he cripples another boy and makes the clay birds come to life. Like his latter-day disciples, "The twelve new sparrows flew aimlessly through the night, / Not blinking or resting, as if never to alight."

Both of these fables should alert the reader to Pinsky's strong interest in narrative—not just as a means to tell a story, but as a method to devise parables about the emotional life. What is less convincing is the new voice. It has always seemed to me that Pinsky has had prose models in his mind's ear. For his first two books, the models were essayists of the seventeenth and early nineteenth century—Bacon, say, or Hazlitt, authors with subtlety and gusto. Now his voice has some of the fireside abstraction of the old storytellers, but even more of the cadences and tropes of the Bible.

He seems drawn to the stern tone, and at times he indulges in deliberate parody: "You shall tell him of the slaying / Of the firstborn of man and of beast / In Egypt when my father came out of Egypt," and so on. At its cleverest, the biblical accent allows him to make poignant or witty qualifications in the talmudic manner. More often, at least to my ear, it sounds merely eccentric. His deeper purpose may be to explore the possibilities of a Jewish-American poetry: How would it be inflected? Do its fictive energies derive from the plaint of exile, the platting of interpretation? Certainly the lore of assimilation fascinates him, and in a poem like "The Night Game," in which he dreams up a Jewish left-hander ("Even more gifted / Than Whitey Ford") who refuses to pitch on Yom Kippur, he wittily adds the Sandy Koufax story to the tribal legends.

The best poems in the book, though, are more personal. They do not wrestle with religious angels or intellectual demons, the myths imposed on us by tradition. Instead, they address the self, those autobiographical myths we make out of memories. Presiding over these poems is Shiva, lord of creation and destruction. "Shiva and Parvati Hiding in the Rain" is not a characteristic poem, but it announces—as "The Figured Wheel" announced in *History of My Heart*—the relentless round of desire that the poet will track:

> The rosecolored mother-father
>
> Flushed, full, penetrated and
> Also penetrated, entering
> And entering, endowing
> And also devouring, necklace
> Of skulls and also ecstasy
> Of hiding in raindrops . . .

The book's title poem is another urgent litany of desires, this time evoked by the dried jaw of a shark, which in life had ruthlessly gorged on anything and in death—its "welded-open shape kept mouthing O"—has become an emblem of human appetites no less engulfing:

> But O I love you it sings, my little my
> country
> My food my parent my child I want you
> my own
> My flower my fin my life my lightness
> my O.

Several of the book's longer poems stay close to this want bone, this Adam's rib or skull or hard-on. These poems offer vivid accounts of desire by overlapping memories in the particular way Pinsky has made his own, a virtuosic montage. "The Hearts," for instance, studies the "legendary muscle that wants and grieves . . . the pump of thrills / And troubles" by splicing together a heroin addict and Enobarbus, the Buddha and a doo-wop group called Lee Andrews and The Hearts, the Banaras marketplace and the second Temple. Nothing is contrived or forced; instead, each image excites and extends, and all are masterfully controlled by Pinsky even as he writes of abandon. Our desires may be fictions, as empty as a song lyric, yet we believe:

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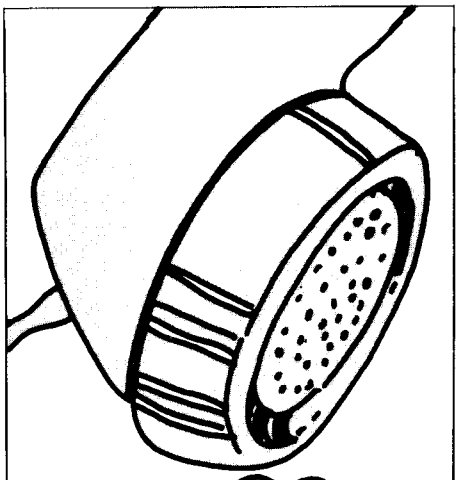

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'As the record ends, a coda in retard:
The Hearts in a shifting velvety *ah*, and
ah
Prolonged again, and again as Lee
Andrews

Reaches *ah* high for *I have to gain Faith,*
Hope
And Charity, God only knows the girl
Who will love me—Oh! if we only could

Start over again! Then The Hearts chant
the chords
Again a final time, *ah* and the record
turns
Through all the music, and on into silence
again.

The most ordinary object of desire has a complex history behind it. In a wonderful set piece called "Shirt," Pinsky broods over his purchase of a shirt. The technical terms for shirt-making in their turn evoke Korean sweatshops, the Triangle Factory fire, Scottish mills, and a black South Carolina shirt "inspector" named Irma, along with planters and pickers and sorters, weavers, carders and loaders. By the end of the poem, the plain sportshirt has become a mythological shirt of flame, a history laid on the poet's back.

History suffuses the book's final poem, too. "Pleasure Bay" is set in the poet's native Long Branch, New Jersey. Pinsky has written about Long Branch—his Paterson—all through his career, and this new poem looks back to a series of poems grouped under the title "The Street of Furthest Memory" in his first book. "Pleasure Bay" is both a real place (where "In 1927 the Chief of Police / And Mrs. W. killed themselves together, / Sitting in a roadster") and an Arcadian scene for reverie and instruction:

The river pulling and coursing between
the piers.
Never the same phrase twice, the catbird
filling
The humid August evening near the inlet
With borrowed music that he melds and
changes.
Dragonflies and sandflies, frogs in the
rushes, two bodies
Not moving in the open car among the
pines,
A sliver of story.

Pinsky's catbird, like Keats's nightingale, here pours forth his soul above the world's weariness and fever; he is a figure of art's own transforming power. The tenor at Price's Hotel, the old German piano teacher, the night the theater on the water burned down—local ghosts and legends all wear the patina of memory now. At last the reader is brought into the poem, imagined as a ghost as well. Or it may be the poet himself. In any case, the *you* now is the new life. Having died, "you hover near the ceiling above your body / And watch the mourners awhile." Soon after you float off to the river, then to the far side of the river, and choose from the bodies sleeping there one to whom you make love:

You lie down and embrace one body, the
limbs
Heavy with sleep reach eagerly up around
you
And you make love until your soul brims
up
And burns free out of you and shifts and
spills
Down over into that other body, and you
Forget the life you had and begin again
On the same crossing—maybe as a child
who passes
Through the same place. But never the
same way twice.
Here in the daylight, the catbird in the
willows,
The new cafe, with a terrace and a
landing,
Frogs in the cattails where the swing-
bridge was—
Here's where you might have slipped
across the water
When you were only a presence, at
Pleasure Bay.

In a passage like this, Pinsky cashes in the debts to Eastern philosophy and Whitman that he had been accumulating throughout *The Want Bone*. The final desire, underlying and shaping all others, is this soul-hunger for life itself. Here is the book's hidden nerve, throbbing, thrilling. Pinsky touches it, touches us, with a delicacy and an accuracy too rare in contemporary poetry. He may not ultimately want to follow every lead he has opened up in this book, but I admire the way he continues to experiment. He will undoubtedly be writing, as he has written here, poems as spirited and weighty, eloquent and startling, as any poet of his generation can summon.

J. D. McCLATCHY is the author of a new book of poems, *The Rest of the Way* (Knopf), and editor of the forthcoming *Vintage Book of Contemporary American Poetry*.

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 8*

vulnerable to cries of hypocrisy if he provided no budget at all, out of concern that his actions would be misjudged. Watson's moral leadership should encourage others to provide funding that can then be used by applicants who feel they will be compromised by accepting genome project funding.

There is one group about whom Wright is conspicuously silent. This group includes the more than 12 million Americans afflicted by genetic disease, and the many millions more who suffer from can-

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cer, heart disease, diabetes, psychiatric disorders, and the other myriad diseases with hereditary components. Wright depicts with vivid clarity the agonies of upper-class parents genetically fine-tuning their children. Missing are the parents of a child battling daily against lungs clogged by a faulty gene causing cystic fibrosis, or the parents who live with the shell of a child robbed of his humanity by schizophrenia. This group should not be mentioned in passing—they are the reason the genome project is being done.

NANCY S. WEXLER
Santa Monica, California

The writer is president of the Hereditary Disease Foundation.

Swedish missiles

To the editors:

Regarding "The Brazilian Bomb" (by Gary Milhollin and Gerard White, August 13): the Swedish government is as concerned as anyone about the spread of missile technology and possible erosion of the nuclear non-proliferation treaty. My government will therefore shortly propose to the Swedish parliament to enact new controls on the spread of dual-use technology, which may be used for producing weapon systems of mass destruction. This is a parallel effort to the Missile Technology Control Regime.

As to the Brazilian project, I can assure your readers that no transfer of sensitive Swedish missile technology will take place. Volvo Flygmotor is licensed to manufacture certain components of the engines for the missile rockets, but the technology is French. Saab Space does not participate in the Brazilian project at all.

SVEN HIRDMAN
Stockholm, Sweden

The writer is inspector general of military equipment in the Swedish Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

TRB *continued from page 6*

port duties. Cars pay a duty of 2.5 percent; trucks pay 25 percent. The wily Orientals "financed a public relations campaign built on the theme that [the opposite] ruling would harm U.S. consumers by increasing prices on light trucks." Which, of course, it would—a factor Choate does not pause to consider. A 25 percent tariff is a huge burden. And—to the extent you can make any sense of these protectionist distinctions—light trucks *are* more like passenger cars than like heavy trucks these days, in terms of who buys them and what they are used for. They are consumer items, not business equipment.

But Choate is not through with his story. Having gotten their low tariff, "the Japanese convinced the Bush administration to reclassify the vehicles as trucks" for purposes of meeting fuel efficiency and safety standards. In this case, though, at least one domestic manufacturer, Chrysler, was lobbying alongside the Japanese—a bit of the story Choate leaves out. He also barely mentions that the U.S. government has imposed a quota on Japanese car imports for almost a decade. A moment's consideration of that small fact would complicate his assertion that the Japanese auto lobby is a roaring "success."

Choate can be selective. He can also be simply wrong. "Japan is a closed political market," he writes. He has said, "Any Japanese government official who would go to work for an American company in Tokyo would be ostracized." They do it to us, in other words, but they won't let us do it to them. Yet, according to Michael Berger in *The San Francisco Chronicle*, many major American corporations (IBM, Salomon Brothers, etc.) have former Japanese officials on their payrolls in Tokyo. They earn their keep the same way former American officials do: supplying information, lobbying former colleagues, and so on. They are not ostracized.

"Among the nations of the world, only the Japanese government offers a tax break to its companies that make corporate contributions to civic affairs—in the United States." That "civic affairs" is a typical Choate weasel phrase. But civic good works, charitable contributions, advertising, public relations, even lobbying are all tax deductible for American corporations, whether conducted here or abroad.

Fun with numbers. "Japan spends more on its 1,000-person lobby in Washington D.C. than the five most influential American business organizations—the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the national Association of Manufacturers [etc.]—*combined*." (Emphasis his.) This impressive but meaningless equation includes spending by Toyota, Mitsubishi, etc., on one side but excludes General Motors, IBM, etc., on the other. The Chamber of Commerce and so on are just a small part of American business's presence in Washington. Any idiot who's lived half a day here knows that American business spends far more than Japanese business trying to affect the American government.

"[B]etween 1973 and 1990, one-third of the principal trade officials in the Office of the U.S. Trade Representative . . . left to become registered foreign agents; most did work for Japan." Since virtually all former USTR officials become trade lobbyists for *someone*, Choate's figures mean that the vast majority are working for *American* companies (if not for America's true interests). If whoever signs up the most former officials wins, the nation's business establishment is safe.

Similarly, the import lobby's political action committee, known as AUTOPAC, is "one of the top PACs in the United States." True. According to the Federal Election Commission, it ranked sixth over the past year, with $2.86 million to give away. But ranked seventh, just $100,000 behind, was the United Auto Workers. Over two years, the UAW comes in way ahead of AUTOPAC. And Ford, Chrysler, and GM also have PACs. Clearly, when it comes to buying the loyalty of America's elected politicians, America's car makers are still No. 1. Choate seems unaware, by the way, that the contributors to AUTOPAC are not Japanese (that's illegal) but Americans who think imports are good for America.

Choate objects to the label "McCarthyism" as a description of his line of patter. Certainly it is not McCarthyite merely to criticize Japan. But Choate's talk of "agents," his easy accusations of disloyalty, his imagery of infection of the body politic, his woozy mixture of falsehoods, half-truths and exaggerations, all strike a familiar chord:

> American companies, pressed in the market for the consumer's favor, may now face the defection of their own government as an ally in global competition. For the American public, the issue is even more stark. With so much Japanese money influencing so many officials in government, the question for the American people is, "Who do you trust?"'

What would you call that?

Choate is a classic Washington type—a variation on the lobbyists and superlawyers he excoriates—the policy hustler. He makes his living marketing ideas. His income depends on keeping those ideas simple, extreme—and appealing. Until recently he was "vice president for policy analysis" at TRW Corporation. Nice work if you can get it.

Just lately, Choate and TRW have parted ways, apparently over *Agents of Influence*. Choate isn't talking for the record, but he's got friends. "His departure, to the friends, is proof of the book's thesis," according to one of many newspaper articles about the rift. If it's true that TRW no longer finds it useful to have a person with Choate's views identified as "vice president, TRW Corp." when he's quoted in the papers—and being quoted in the papers was part of what he was being paid for—it's hard to get too indignant. Live by policy, die by policy. Anyway, it says here that Choate still has a "consulting arrangement" with TRW. A martyr with a golden parachute! And he says *Japan* has got America conned.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

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BERLIN DIARIST

Army surplus

AROUND THE BRANDENBURG Gate there is no physical evidence that the Wall ever existed—not even a remnant. In the shadow of the Gate, an open-air market in Soviet and East German military paraphernalia—a once-in-a-lifetime going-out-of-business sale—has sprung up. Here, on several dozen tables, are displayed medals (including cameos of Stalin), caps from all services (blue from the East German marines, khaki from Soviet grunts), helmets, uniforms, watches, epaulets with gold Cyrillic lettering, belts with huge brass hammer-and-sickle buckles, field binoculars to observe tank maneuvers, and long knives. The sellers of this debris, by the way, are Turks, immigrants from a long-decayed imperium. Thus three fallen empires are ironically memorialized by this commerce: Turkish, German, Soviet.

LESS THAN A YEAR AGO THE Red Army stood in disciplined formation on the Western front. When the East mark collapsed along with the old regime, the Soviet soldiers began to be paid in deutsche marks. They now seem willing to sell anything they own for German hard currency. At Potsdam, the Wilhelmine retreat that used to be off-limits to Westerners, there have been frequent roadside sightings by tourists of Soviet soldiers from the nearby base begging for handouts. A member of the U.S. Mission in Berlin told me he had heard that during the early-morning shift change at the solemn Soviet War Memorial near the Brandenburg Gate, the Soviet honor guards do a brisk trade in matériel. The story may be apocryphal, but who knows? In fact, every night without exception officers from the U.S. Mission must go to the Berlin city jail to pick up Soviet soldiers who have managed to accumulate enough marks to buy civilian clothes and then indulge in shoplifting sprees in the West. This petty thievery is now the most serious threat the Soviets pose to Berlin. The defeated Soviet soldiers have more in common with the German soldiers at the end of World War I than they do with the Soviets who hoisted the red flag atop the Brandenburg Gate at the end of World War II.

THE LAST TIME I WENT OVER into East Berlin, in 1986, I interviewed dissidents, who seemed painfully isolated at the time, but who went on to become the leaders of New Forum, the group that catalyzed the downfall of the regime. On my way back to Friedrichstrasse I was trailed by the Stasi and briefly incarcerated in a small cell inside the Berlin Wall. So on this trip I keep being drawn back to where the Wall used to be. The Kreuzberg quarter, the countercultural district where black clothes and hennaed hair are the preferred uniform, is right up against the Western side of the Wall, which has also been an inspiration to graffiti artists. Mile after mile of their work, much of it quite affecting and beautiful, is being smashed to smithereens. At the Elefanter Galerie on Oranienstrasse, there is an exhibit of some shards of this lost art. Photographs document the more spectacularly painted sections of the Wall. On the floor lie large colorful slabs, with metal prongs protruding on all sides, making them resemble dead mutant insects. A few blocks away the Wall's rubble has not yet been cleared, and parts of it, newly whitewashed, still stand. I walk down the barren center, in No Man's Land, a haunted fatal ground that will soon be valuable real estate. A few bicyclists speed by. Two teenagers with a crow bar methodically chip apart a section of the Wall, transforming it into souvenirs. I stroll unmolested down No Man's Land to a bridge over the Spree River into the East, which I cross as if the passage had always been uneventful.

THE EAST GERMANS HAD ALMOST all been saving to buy the absurd Trabi automobile, a pollution device with a plastic body and no springs. The average wait for these prized possessions was twelve years. When the East mark was declared to be exchangeable one-for-one for deutsche marks, the East Germans became liquid. Even though the stores in the East now stock the same goods as in the West, most of the Easties buy in the West. Attention D-Mark shoppers. Fresh from expeditions across town, they will disembark en masse from the S-bahn at Alexanderplatz, once the showplace of consumerism in the Communist world. Across the vast square, they will cart boom boxes, electronic keyboards, and grocery bags. Every Eastie has bought, or has a contract to buy, a used car from the West. This consumerism has lost the aspect of liberation, and now seems more like a hoarding instinct in the face of the massive economic dislocations sure to be felt in the months ahead.

THE NOVELTY AND EUPHORIA following November 9, the day the Wall fell, has been succeeded by anxiety and even fear. The transition is not going to be smooth. Estimates float around of joblessness in the East ranging from 40 to 60 percent; unemployment spurts daily. A German business executive who is investing in the East told me that the best thing to do with the antiquated factories there is to bulldoze them. In East Berlin the old propaganda murals are covered with billboards advertising the coming of David Bowie and Tina Turner. Scrawled on kiosks are anti-immigrant graffiti: "Turki Raus." This is the sign of the neo-Nazi skinheads, who have begun to roam around working-class districts in the East. They are more ephemeral nuisance, one hopes, than menace. Their rage about the world turned upside down is vented mostly in graffiti and occasionally in physical harassment. They have found an easy target in the thousands of Gypsies from Romania who have fled to Berlin over the last year. Many Gypsies have camped in a field next to the Reichstag. And they lie on the sidewalks of Unter den Linden, once the city's main boulevard, drab and sleepy under Communist rule, now alive to all influences, West and East. At the end of Unter den Linden is the Museum of German History, which still presents the wildly skewed East German version. Near the entrance a barefoot Gypsy woman in her twenties and several young children, all with shaved heads and sores, stare at passersby. Their eyes are filled with incomprehension, the eyes of another century suddenly opened in the new capital of Europe.

ABOUT FIFTY YARDS AWAY THE changing of the guard is in progress at the Anti-Fascist Memorial, a shrine to the German Democratic Republic. Inside, the symbol of the state, cast in marble, is lit by the glow of an eternal flame. The guards stand rigidly in place as tourists laughingly pose for pictures standing next to them. They have become quaint, harmless artifacts. The German Democratic Republic arouses the same respect as Freedonia, Groucho's republic in *Duck Soup*.

BERTOLT BRECHT IS BURIED IN East Berlin. After fleeing the Nazis for America, he fled the McCarthyite inquisition for the German Democratic Republic. But after the 1953 uprising against the regime, he turned cynical about the workers' paradise, even though he remained. His house, next to the cemetery, was recently defaced by skinheads, who daubed anti-Semitic epithets on it. Brecht was not a Jew, but the skinheads don't know that, or don't care. Brecht's grave, incidentally, lies a couple of rows from Hegel's. Even among the dead of Berlin there is no end of history.

SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

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For more than two decades, Public Television has been providing kids and adults with a wide range of entertaining and educational programs. Like Sesame Street, Reading Rainbow, NOVA and The American Experience. As well as noncommercial educational programs that go to 29 million kids for use in the classroom. Every program encourages kids to have fun while they learn. And making learning fun is a very effective teaching aid.

Just ask their teachers. They'll tell you public television programs have a big impact on the early learning process. The kind of impact that translates into performance in school.

But primary education is just the beginning for PBS. Learning is a lifelong process. That's why we also offer literacy training and continuing professional education. And that's why colleges across the country give credit for watching PBS.

At PBS, we're committed to education in America.

This may not make us #1 in the Nielsen ratings, but it does make us #1 where it counts. In the classroom.

PBS

Committed to the educational power of television.

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High atop a mountain in Seeheim, there's an exclusive resort for people who share a special passion.

It's a resort like no other. A place where people who possess a passion to do the very best, learn to be the very best. The place is the Lufthansa training center in Seeheim, Germany. The people are individuals chosen for the motivation, drive and spirit they bring to everything they do. A passion for perfection.

At Seeheim, Lufthansa people learn the skills necessary to assure your travel experience is the best it can be. They then take on their jobs with the passion that brought them to us in the first place. A passion that can't be taught, but comes from deep inside. A passion for perfection that won't allow them to rest until you do.

A passion for perfection.℠

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Lufthansa is a participant in the mileage programs of United, Delta, USAir and Continental/Eastern. See your Travel Agent for details.

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